THE ENGLISH REVIEW

28th Year of Publication

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By Douglas Jerrold

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For some years past—since, in fact, Lord Oxford retired from the scene—liberalism has ceased to be liberal. To be consistently and defiantly liberal is to espouse many unpopular causes and to reject many immediately useful allies and opportunities. But as long as liberalism was faithful, it was sure of a large following in the country and of a share in the conduct of public affairs. But liberalism cannot be eclectic. It is the heir of a philosophy, not the residuary legatee of the lessons of sociology. It can never be opportunist. It cannot be friends with tyranny in Russia and deplore tyranny in Italy. It cannot applaud anti-religious incendiarism in Spain and castigate it in Germany. It is the whole

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essence of liberalism that it dislikes the persecution of its enemies as greatly as the persecution of its friends.

Precisely because it is a kind of religion, and claims to appeal always to principles in defiance of self-interest, it cannot deplore the dropping of bombs on Abyssinian tribesmen and applaud it when the bombs are British and the tribesmen Indian. The Fascist and the Communist can each do this without violating their consciences and forfeiting the respect of their friends. The liberal cannot do it and has done it and is still doing it. In so acting, he has betrayed not only his party (which would hardly matter) but the cause of liberty (which matters a great deal).

The present danger to Conservatism

THE case of Conservatism is different. It rests on a different philosophy of values and has a different view not of the potentialities of man, but of the manner in which these can be realised. It is founded, like Liberalism, on the bedrock fact of the dignity of the human personality, but it differs in denying natural goodness and wisdom. When, therefore, in the course of its defence of authority and tradition it denies, as it must, the unrestricted right of the individual against Church and State, it is always liable to be accused of a sympathy with fascist totalitarianism. It is one of the paradoxes of the present political system that, while independent Conservatism is the only force today which is prepared to make any stand for the preservation of liberty, its impotence is due to the belief that it is only under the *aegis* of a national government that our liberties can be preserved. The result is that the progressive invasion of our liberties which is involved in the programme of the National Government is virtually unopposed.

The National Government stands for the limitation of hours and output, for the compulsory reorganisation of industry, for restrictions on the right of entry into the

different industries, for the subsidisation of monopolies, and for the progressive assertion of the rights of the State over the family. Because we have learnt to call these things progressive, and their opposites reactionary, we shall be accused of paradox when we see in them the foundations of a tyranny from which it will be as hard to escape as from any on the Continent. Men forget that the first stages to tyranny are always pleasant and usually successful. The incidental abuses and injustices inseparable from freedom are removed; the strength and virtue derived from freedom are not yet destroyed. The industries created by the initiative of free men are still there to carry the burden of subsidisation and restriction: the load is spread, and the virtues of State action seem established. So it has always been, and in the nature of things, must be. But what kind of world are we building for what kind of citizen to inhabit in the future?

The New Education Bill

THE Government's Education Bill is a typical example of the immediate advantage and the ultimate danger involved in every similar extension of the powers and responsibilities of the State. Immediately, it will reduce juvenile unemployment, will prevent unemployment among the school teachers, will stimulate building, and will impose only a relatively small charge on the taxpayers. Owing to provision for exemption from education after 14 in certain cases, the Bill will not necessarily impose grave hardship even on the parents, who naturally are the last people to be considered. But the State has, in the process of achieving these ends, embarked on the assertion (even if at present only tentatively) of two quite indefensible principles. The first is the right of the State to discriminate between family and family in the matter of education, and the second is the right of the State to dictate to the parent

and the child the nature of the employment which the child may, or may not, accept.

The meaning of the New Tyranny

THESE things are merely theoretical, we shall be told. On the contrary, they represent a fundamental change of view. The State (and we include under the term the local education authority, which is the paid servant of Whitehall) used to be the instrument through which the public could obtain for their children the necessary education to enable them to live as free citizens capable of discharging their responsibilities to their parents and later to their own children. Today the State is not the servant, but the master: it claims the right to educate the child not on behalf of the parents, but on behalf of industry (though this is sometimes referred to as " the community " when speaking to the poor). It claims the right to forbid a child to enter industry if it is not satisfied that the employment is to the child's advantage. What member of Parliament of any party would accept such a position in regard to his own children? We are told that the object is to prevent blind-alley employment. Does the State propose to find secure employment in a permanent occupation for all the children? Do the authorities really imagine that the apprentice remains in his trade for life while the office boy and the errand boy starve miserably? How many members of the present House of Commons have remained in the employment in which they first began to earn a living? By what right does the State claim to prevent a boy going out to seek his fortune in his own way? And how far is the claim to go? As the school population continues to decline, are the N.U.T. going to be satisfied with a school age of 15, subject to exemptions? The cry is already being raised for a school age of 16, and it will grow louder. The citizen is increasingly regarded here (as in Germany and Russia) as the raw material of the planner, and since

the educational planners are not only very numerous but very powerful, it has become the business of the politicians to see that they are kept supplied with people to teach.

The Truth about "Child Labour"

IT is, incidentally, a complete fallacy to suppose that by keeping children against their wishes off the labour market the amount of unemployment is reduced. It must inevitably be increased if a scarcity of juvenile labour is in fact created. Industry is only a function of the natural life of men, and there is a place in it for people of all ages, and both sexes. It cannot be made the exclusive preserve of the adult male without economic loss, and not, in the case of commerce and agriculture, without actual ruin. The phrase "child labour" calls up horrible pictures of the vile cruelties perpetrated by *laissez-faire* industrialists of the individualist school a century ago in the new factories. Work is, however, the necessary portion of all children, rich and poor. Indeed, even the idlest of the "idle rich" voluntarily set their children to work for far longer hours than any modern employer would think proper.

The suggestion that a boy who takes a boy's job in a factory or office, or in the fields, is being exploited, but that if he is forcibly retained at school as a charge on his parents he is being favoured, is mere rubbish. Boys being boys, it is far more probable that they are exploiting their employers, and good luck to them! The fact remains that some boys will benefit most by a year at school; others will benefit fifty times more by the more varied and practical education that they will get from life. One thing is quite certain: if a healthy boy will not work reasonably hard between 14 and 18, he will never be a man of any value to himself or his neighbours, and the nature of the work best suited to a boy is a matter for a boy and his parents, and in no circumstances for the State.

National Defence

WHILE the National Government's proposals on education, which is hardly an urgent subject, are clear-cut, their proposals on national defence are inchoate and muddled. They have already been the subject of an emphatic and deserved rebuke from Sir Austen Chamberlain, and the rumours now current that the Government propose to make up for the absence of a PLAN by appointing a MAN, and that the man is to be either Mr. Ramsay Macdonald or Lord Eustace Percy, merely accentuate the prevailing anxiety. We wish to make it clear that, in so writing, we are not disparaging the gifts and services of these two politicians. Lord Eustace Percy in particular has made more than one valuable contribution to the literature of politics. Although there is some reason to fear that his present relations with the Planners, if not actually guilty, are by no means purely platonic, his earlier writings showed him to be one of the few Conservatives with a real understanding of basic Conservative principles. But what qualifications, we ask, has Lord Eustace or his late Prime Minister for the part now proposed—the post of minister without portfolio, indeed, but with the responsibility of explaining and recommending to the Cabinet, or for rejecting, the plans drawn up by the Committee of Imperial Defence, which is, we gather, to be retained in its present form. The whole question is much misunderstood. In matters of Civil government, the questions at issue concern the policy : there is little or no difficulty as to the means of carrying it out. Any minister, given the assistance of the Parliamentary draughtsmen, can prepare and administer an Act nationalising the railways or the Bank of England, extending the school age to twenty-five, or abolishing the Army and Navy. No matter how fantastic the project, the execution presents few difficulties. It is only the consequences which are to be feared. With

military matters, however, the position is precisely reversed. In war, the objectives, if expressed in sufficiently general terms, are usually matters of agreement. It is the means of attaining the objectives which are controversial. Even when, as in the last war, there was a genuine difference of opinion as to the relative importance of rival objectives, the decision, in the absence of a minister of defence, was determined by the skill of the different naval and military advisers in convincing the civilians of the insuperable practical obstacles towards the attainment of those objectives of which each personally disapproved. A civilian minister sitting as chairman of a Committee of Chiefs of Staff, will be no more capable of facing this situation than was the War Cabinet from 1915 to 1918. He will still be in the old dilemma of accepting unpalatable advice or dismissing his advisers, and leaving himself bereft of expert collaborators.

The Case for a Ministry of Defence

THE whole case for a Ministry of Defence rests on the need for freeing civilian ministers from this intolerable dilemma. It can only be met by giving the Minister of Defence an independent staff of expert advisers drawn from the staffs of the different Services. The apparent objection to this course disappears on analysis. It would not be the function of the Minister of Defence to accept responsibility for preparing detailed plans for the execution of a policy, or for carrying out that policy. The drawing up of the plan and its execution must always be the function of the same person, else there will be no effective responsibility. The task of the Minister of Defence would be to advise the Cabinet of the alternative objectives and to recommend a choice between them. His expert staff would be required to enable him to distinguish, and the issue must be frankly faced, between obstructive and reasonable criticism offered him by the fighting departments in the course of

his preliminary discussions. It would, of course, be essential that in recommending a policy to the Cabinet the Minister of Defence should be required to circulate in there entirety any reports on it received from the Chiefs of Staff of the separate Services, but their reports would be concerned with the merits of the proposed objective only so far as these were enhanced or diminished by the ease or difficulty with which the objective could be attained. A clear-cut division is possible, and must be made if the mistakes of the last war are to be avoided, between major strategy, which would be the concern of the Minister of Defence or his advisers, and minor strategy *plus* tactics, which would be the concern of the separate Services and their staffs. Granted a Ministry of Defence, it would no more be possible to carry through a policy involving military operations to which the War Office was opposed than it is today; the immense advantage gained would be that in the event of a disagreement between the Defence Ministry or Council, and the departmental Chief of Staff, the Cabinet would have the alternative strategies before them, each backed with responsible technical advice. At present, the only channel through which technical advice can reach the Cabinet is through the Service departments, and any criticism of that advice is necessarily inexpert. In the circumstances, as was found in the last war, disaster naked and unmistakable must be allowed to occur before that advice is ever in practice rejected, while promising enterprises must be postponed by uninstructed civilian ministers until it is too late, because of criticisms by their expert advisers which were sometimes based not on military but political considerations, and even sometimes technically ill-founded.

The Expert and the Politician

THE Defence Ministry project inevitably raises the whole question of the relations of the politicians and their expert advisers. The present writer ventured

some three years ago to raise this issue (in a letter to *The Times*), in its application to the Civil Departments. The point then taken was that the new extension of the sphere of government to industry, agriculture, shipping, the foreign exchange market, the control of new capital issues and the negotiation of international trading agreements, involved either the employment of what may be called Cabinet experts to check and criticise the conclusions of the departmental experts or else the veiled dictatorship over the Cabinet, and so over the House of Commons, of the departmental experts themselves. The difficulties of the suggested solution are great, and the objections to it are obvious. They were put forward, with characteristic cogency, in *The Times* by Sir Charles Harris. The fact remains that, whether we take cotton, coal, merchant shipping, agricultural policy or the fuelling of the Royal Navy, well-informed experts hold different views, but that under our constitution there is no effective method of bringing the rival views before the Cabinet. A decision is taken on the advice of the Government experts and all criticism received is passed to them for reply. The Treasury, the taxpayers' traditional and constitutional watchdog, is hamstrung by the old rule that, once the decision on policy has been given by the Cabinet, the department concerned has a free hand in carrying it out. This was fair enough when the questions at issue were administrative or political, for in that case the project, before any Cabinet decision was taken, would have been critically and competently examined by the Chancellor of the Exchequer and his officials, who in these fields could be reckoned as rival and independent experts. Once, however, the question raised is one, for instance, of medical administration, or education, the Minister concerned comes to the Treasury—*en route* for the Cabinet—with his proposals already endorsed by the only expert advice open to the Government. It is, of course, possible, sometimes, for the Treasury, or a dissenting minority (for it is never more) in the Cabinet,

to interpose delay by procuring a further investigation by a Committee or Commission. The personnel of such a body will, however, be largely determined by the department whose policy is under review, and the only purpose of the inquiry, in nine cases out of ten, is to procure an imposing verdict for a policy already predetermined. The remedy suggested in *The Times* was that the Treasury—or, alternatively, some civil committee with powers analogous to those of the Committee of Imperial Defence—should be responsible for submitting departmental proposals to independent expert as well as to official criticism. The justice of this conclusion is to some substantial extent confirmed by the most interesting debate in the House of Commons on Sir Murray Sueter's bill. Almost every speaker, whether in favour of a new ministry or against it, stressed the importance of machinery for securing just such expert examination of expert conclusions as was proposed in the case of the civil departments in *The Times* correspondence.

Coal or Oil : a Test Case

AS a test case we would take the question of oil or coal fuel for the Navy and Mercantile Marine. It is possibly arguable that our present exclusive reliance on oil fuel is well grounded, though the present attitude of the United States Government towards belligerents, and political conditions in the Mediterranean and the Near East, suggest to many precisely the contrary. But it remains common knowledge that very influential authorities both in the Navy and outside are gravely disquieted. What does the Government do? It receives an occasional deputation and answers an occasional question by quoting the official Admiralty view. This is futile. It is admitted that the opinion of the present Board of Admiralty is, if only by a majority, in favour of oil fuel. What is in dispute is the justification for the Board's view. Yet when the matter is referred to

in the Committee of Imperial Defence it is the same experts who are called to report to that Committee. Nothing is more necessary than that, in a case like this, the technical and military case against oil—whether in favour of dual firing or of a reversion to coal—should be put before the Cabinet in a form as authoritative and as expert as the case for oil. The politicians can then be trusted to decide wisely, if they have been wisely returned to power. But however wise they be, they cannot decide otherwise than in favour of the *status quo* as long as their only advisers are those responsible for the *status quo*. This is not scientific government. It is merely government by trial and error in a matter vitally involving the whole future of Europe.

Dangers of a Makeshift Compromise

IT is to be hoped that this all-important question of creating—whether in the form of a Ministry or a Council makes no great odds—a body responsible for bringing before the Cabinet in an intelligible form both sides of every issue involved in the planning, manning and dispositions of our Defence Services will not be confused with the need so often alleged for co-ordinating the Supply, Medical and Intelligence services. This is a quite distinct question of much less importance. The urgent necessity is to secure machinery whereby the major strategical issues can be placed before the Cabinet in a way which enables the Cabinet to take their decision with the knowledge that they have before them all the factors in the case. What is to be avoided at all costs is giving to the existing sub-committees of the Chiefs of Staff, even if presided over by a civilian minister, any executive authority. This, instead of strengthening intelligent political control and enabling criticism to be legitimately heard, will merely weaken still further the power of the Cabinet to discharge its responsibilities to the nation, whether in peace or war.

The Initiation of Defence Policy

FURTHER arguments in favour of a Ministry, or Council, of Defence, along the lines discussed, are provided by the need for the correct initiation of policy. The co-ordination of policies can be secured by *ad hoc* bodies, but the need for it suggests grave defects in the machinery for initiating policy. At present, in the absence of defined responsibilities, the three fighting Services are competitors. Each wishes to secure as large a vote as possible to enable it to discharge almost unlimited responsibilities. The tasks in peace and war to be discharged by the Services should be defined by the Cabinet; until this is done no intelligent criticisms of the estimates of the fighting Services and no Parliamentary criticism of their dispositions, and preparations, is possible. Some may say, claiming to be shrewd, that this is a good thing. The last war demonstrated the contrary. Yet to enable the broad lines of defence policy, or war strategy, to be laid down by the Cabinet, they must have a staff trained in major strategy (which includes the application of industrial and other resources to defence as well as strictly military questions) at their disposal. Once the tasks of the different Services are defined, the Chiefs of Staffs can fulfil their proper function, of determining the manner in which their allotted tasks can be fulfilled (minor strategy), and the means necessary to such fulfilment (men and material as determined by tactics). If the task assigned is impossible, or if the means required are denied, a clear issue is created, which must be determined by the Cabinet changing its policy, or by the Service in question changing its Chief of Staff. This situation often exists at present below the surface. The machinery proposed will bring it to the surface in time, while providing the Cabinet with the information necessary to enable them to take a sensible decision, with the knowledge that whichever decision they reach they will have a coherent body of expert opinion behind them on which they can rely to carry out their policy.

Foreign Affairs

By Wilfrid Hindle

IT is one of the few disadvantages of democracy in practice that its periodical elections may result in violent periodical changes of a country's home or foreign policy. This disadvantage has been peculiarly evident in the month just passed and will be peculiarly evident in the months to come. There have been in Spain elections which have given power to the Left and which may in consequence upset the precarious balance that has been held between numerically almost equal factions in Spain in the last two years. There are elections to come, in March in Egypt and France, in November in the United States, which may materially affect not only the internal policies of those countries, but their relations with the world at large.

The French elections have been heralded by a recrudescence of violence, this time personal. M. Léon Blum, the Socialist leader, was attacked in the streets of Paris last month by Camelots du roi and severely beaten. The attack led to a ban on the League of French Action, parent of the Camelots du roi, and to the arrest of some Royalist leaders. But neither the attack, which has still further disgusted the French people with political violence, nor the ban, which of course did not affect the much greater semi-military associations on both wings, has solved the French problem. That problem is to reconcile associations of the Right, discontented with the uses to which French parliamentarism has been put since the War, with associations of the Left which are determined at all costs to preserve the present parliamentary system.

The problem has lately been threatened with the radical solution of civil war, which would be a long and costly solution. The elections may offer another solution if they bring into office a Government strong enough in its support in the Chamber of Deputies to be able to resist blackmail from bodies outside the Chamber.

Such a government would be able, though not necessarily willing, to preserve the parliamentary system while rectifying its abuses. If, however, there were to come into office as a result of the elections a Government which had only a slight majority in the Chamber, the dangers of the past few years would not only remain, but would be intensified. For any such government, whether of Right or of Left, might be tempted into repressive measures which would provoke the other side to armed action.

Realities of the Egyptian Problem

THE elections in Egypt, to be held under the ultra-democratic constitution of 1923, are of more immediate concern to us. They follow the opening in Cairo last month of negotiations for a new Anglo-Egyptian treaty. They will result, almost certainly, in a Wafdist majority which may make the negotiations futile.

In over a century of fairly close Anglo-Egyptian contact, Anglo-Egyptian relations have never been regularised. That is partly because the realities underlying each side's point of view have rarely been admitted. For us the realities are the simple facts that the safety of the Suez Canal is vital to Imperial communications; and that we are unable to rely on Egyptian competence to maintain it. On the Egyptian side the realities are that the only party which counts, or will count so long as the democratic system remains, is the Nationalist Wafd; that British Governments have ignored or slighted the Wafd; and that the Wafd persists in negotiation in treating lightly a British interest which every Wafdist at heart realises cannot lightly be foregone.

There are other factors. There is the unfortunate position of the British Army, which, uninterested as it is in Egyptian internal politics, is inevitably called upon to restore order whenever Palace repression of popular movements has led to disorder. There are the Capitulations, under which Europeans of no very high

moral calibre indulge with comparative immunity in the most questionable of traffics.

But the essential points are that, short of an abdication of Imperial interests which no British Government, Socialist or Conservative, could ever seriously contemplate, Britain must—more than ever since the Italian-Abyssinian war—safeguard her position in Egypt ; and that the Wafd is the only party in Egypt which counts. Once these points are admitted, it should not be impossible to conclude a treaty satisfactory to both sides. Certainly in the state of the world around Egypt the time is favourable. Even the wildest of Wafdist politicians would probably prefer British control to the control of an Italy which has made clear, both in speech and in action, that it intends imperialist expansion in the Near East.

American Neutrality

THE American presidential election is still distant. But the presidential campaigns have already begun and it is already clear that American interest in world affairs will play a part in them.

Until recently American foreign policy has in theory been governed by the desire to abstain from participation in other nations' quarrels, in practice by the necessity of maintaining neutral rights against one or more of the belligerent nations. It was thus that the United States, neutral and on the whole anxious to remain so, went to war in 1812 with Britain and in 1917 with Germany, to preserve what is called freedom of the seas. For the century between these two wars the doctrine of freedom of the seas was a cardinal point in American foreign policy and, paradoxically in the result, in American neutrality.

Last summer the doctrine was, temporarily, abandoned. In August there was introduced into Congress a Neutrality Bill the purpose of which was, as had

been one purpose of previous neutrality, to isolate the United States from European wars, but the practical effect of which was to make the United States a co-operator with the members of the League of Nations in any action that they might take against a nation judged aggressor. The main points of the Bill were :—

Embargo on supply of arms and ammunition to belligerents by American citizens.

Prohibition of shipment of arms and ammunition to belligerents in American vessels.

Virtual prohibition of travel by American citizens in ships of belligerents.

—And Isolation

IN effect the Neutrality Act said that American relations with belligerent nations were not to be governed by the hitherto accepted principle that American trade must go on in war as in peace, but by the principle that the United States must not risk trade with belligerents. The original Bill was modified out of recognition in Congress, was finally passed only in temporary form, and has already ceased to be operative. But the principle embodied in it was so revolutionary that it will inevitably be used as an electoral argument in the Presidential campaign just begun. As a result the American people will be constrained to think more deeply than at any time since 1917 about what their future relations with Europe are to be. And as a final result—no recent visitor to the United States can doubt it, and few can blame that country—the Neutrality Act may lead, not to the greater cooperation with the League of Nations which many Englishmen saw in it, but, in a revulsion of popular feeling, to a more determined attempt to isolate the United States—not in theory, but in practice—from European affairs.

Collective Action in Animals

By Gilbert Coleridge

THERE are frequent instances of collective action on the part of different animals to meet a particular set of circumstances. The habit of mobbing a common enemy is one. Among the Welsh hills I have seen hawks and ravens combine to give a buzzard a peculiarly bad time of it, rising above and swooping at him. They had him at a disadvantage, his being a slower and heavier flight compared with their superior agility. They could doubtless have struck him with intent had they so desired, but, while within range of my telescope, they repeatedly missed their aim, till finally they all disappeared into a cloud. Probably they feared to come at close quarters, and only intended to worry the buzzard. Can they be said to have attacked the buzzard from an impulse derived from their ancestors? Had food been their object, the flesh of the buzzard was a strange variation from that of the succulent mouse, or small bird. I speak of the hawks. In my opinion they were out for mere sport to tease their lumbering old rival.

On one occasion I captured an owl in a fissure of the rocks in Scotland, some 2,000 feet above the sea, and brought it home for the delectation of the children at the house at which I was staying. Then I set it free in the plantation. Next day I regretted my wanton interference with nature, for hearing an unwonted riot among the trees I found the unfortunate bird sitting disconsolate on a bough, surrounded by hundreds of small birds of all kinds, each using his own dialect and pouring forth the most dreadful abuse. Now and then one bolder than the rest would make a frightened dash at him from behind, only to be confronted by the menacing hooked beak. The word had evidently been passed round that they had one of their nocturnal enemies at a disadvantage in the open in broad daylight, and one and all combined to bait him and make him thoroughly

uncomfortable. I refrained from interfering with the divine order of things a second time, and left him to his discomfort, and I have no doubt he had his revenge when night came, and departed to his rocks with a full crop, for I saw him no more.

It has often been observed that, when the aggressive and piratical sparrows dispossess the swallows from their nests, the latter get other swallows to help to wall up the intruders and immure them alive. They combine for a common end.

I have seen three or four blackbirds giving the alarm to a whole neighbourhood, and notifying the presence of a cat lurking in the shrubbery by following her at a safe distance in the bushes above whenever she changed her position and shrieking hatred of their enemy, and it was noticeable how much bolder they became in the presence of this particular danger, and how little they regarded me, for the blackbird is a shy animal as a rule.

Speaking of the combined action of wild dogs, Mr. J. M. Moubray says, " As soon as an animal has been singled out from the herd, two or three dogs will follow close at hand, the remainder of the pack coming on some distance behind. After a short time their place is taken by two or three others fresh from the pack, the others falling back."

Doubtless the wild dog has an inherited tendency to hunt its prey, necessary to its existence, which is probably a pure instinct, a " propensity prior to experience," as Paley calls it. Then comes experience, which tells it that this vital business of the chase is better and more conveniently done in packs. Some might call this mode of hunting in companies merely an instinctive habit, but it seems more the result of collective experience which is handed down from parent to puppy. After this comes a further development of purely rational action in the singling out of the quarry, and the method of hunting it. This may be, and probably is, the function of an acknowledged leader, just as the migration

of rats is under the obvious direction of a single individual.

Mr. Moubray also gives marvellous credit to the driver ant for its collective intelligence in its attacks on man. "The driver ants," says he, "do not bite immediately they reach the flesh, but wait until a number of their fellows have also obtained an advantageous position, when upon a given signal they all bite together. The reason for this is, if, when the first ant got above one's boot, it bit immediately, its presence would be discovered." One is left wondering how the signal is conveyed, say, from an ant on the outside of the right leg to an ant on the outside of the left leg. The concerted action of ants is marvellous, and it may be that the first ant pauses till a sufficient time has elapsed for others to gain a footing, and the victim imagines the bites to be simultaneous, for I confess I should like further evidence to be given of that signal.

True it is that we have the evidence of Thomas Belt that when the raiding ants (Eciton) of Nicaragua sally forth on a marauding expedition, they all move under the guidance of certain leaders of bigger size, who apparently give orders and direct the operations on the march. On the one hand, this looks like an organisation which is the product of independent thought, and may lead us to exclaim with Lord Avebury when, speaking of the ant in his Scientific Lectures, he says, "When we see each one fulfilling its duties industriously and without confusion, it is difficult to deny to them the gift of reason, and the preceding observations tend to confirm the opinion that their mental powers differ from those of man not so much in kind as in degree."

On the other hand, the same observer carried on a series of experiments on an English species of ant which seemed to point to a low order of *individual* intelligence. When a small hiatus was arranged between them and food, or something attractive, they never thought of pushing a light bridge across the gulf, nor would they jump down a space of one-third of an inch, nor would

they ascend, although they could reach up and touch the upper end with their antennæ, but preferred to go a long way round by a prepared bridge.

But the wisdom in most cases is more collective than individual, and, let the instance of intelligence be never so striking, there is always room for the argument that these collective acts are only due to highly developed instinct, because they seem to display a similarity of behaviour on all occasions. For instance, the marches of the Ecitons are admirably organised for the particular purpose required, yet one march is very like another. At the same time, it must be remembered that an act originated by intelligence and repeatedly done, may become ingrained into an instinct. Therefore, in considering an act, its invariability or otherwise ought to be an element in conjecturing—for it is all conjecture —whether an act is instinctive or rational in its nature, or partaking of both qualities ; and if an act is always done in exactly the same way, the same time, and the same circumstances, it is not easy to combat the expressed conviction that it is a purely instinctive act.

Belt once imprisoned an Eciton under a stone, and watched the result. The ant was discovered by a comrade, which tried unsuccessfully to pull him out, and finding it impossible to do it alone, went for assistance, and brought about a dozen others, who succeeded in setting the prisoner free.

H. W. Bates, also, noticed a remarkable trait in these ants. " I frequently saw them very leisurely employed in a way that looked like recreation. It is probable that these hours of relaxation and cleaning may be indispensable to the effective performance of their harder labours, but whilst looking at them, the conclusion that the ants were engaged merely in play was irresistible." If this conclusion is correct, it is a strong reason to show that the ants are intelligent enough to cultivate habits which are not only of collective but purely social value, not mechanically useful to the community, but recreative to the individual.

A Note on Education

By John England

MEMBERS of Parliament have been talking at length on the Education Bill introduced recently by the Government. They have discussed the pros and cons of raising the school-leaving age, of homework, and of religious training. They have shown an interest in the subject of education which is proper, since education is everybody's business, and which is informed, since almost everyone in greater or lesser degree has been educated. Yet not one of them has so far raised the fundamental questions which are to what purpose our education is directed, and to what extent it is fulfilling that purpose. They cannot be too much blamed for that. I myself have had a more than usually varied educational experience. I was taught successively in a convent school, a municipal grammar school, the University of Oxford, and the Sorbonne. I taught successively in a mixed country grammar school, a boys' grammar school in a town, and a public school. I hold what is called a Diploma in Education. But I am hesitant to express an opinion on education.

The difficulty of the question is not, however, sufficient reason for shirking it, particularly when it is a question the answer to which may cost us, as our educational system does, much money every year. Medieval man would not have hesitated ; education to him was a preparation for the priesthood, or for some other branch of the Church's activities. The nineteenth-century manufacturer would not have hesitated ; education to him was either a pernicious waste of public money or a means of producing more efficient workmen for his factories. The German Nazi would not hesitate, nor the Russian Bolshevist ; to them education is a preparation for state service. I do not think a Frenchman would hesitate long ; Daudet's *The Last Class* would give him the answer. It is only in countries like England and the United States, countries, that is, where no one interest

is predominant, that there is any doubt about the purpose of education.

We have not lacked educational theorists who have offered us solutions of the problem. There have been some who have told us that education must be a preparation for rulership; others that education must be directed to teaching the proper use of leisure; a few, more frankly materialistic than the rest, who have declared that the purpose of education is to obtain more material comforts; many who have told us that education must be a preparation for life. Though there is some sense in all these theories, none is completely satisfactory. Only a small proportion of the children in the schools at any given time can hope eventually to rule, either in the colonies or elsewhere; no sane man needs to be taught how to use his leisure; we already have more material comforts than we can conveniently use; to say that education is a preparation for life is both to assume that the child is dead and to beg a dozen other questions as to what the life of the future is to be.

All of these theories, moreover, ignore one compelling thought behind the Government's Education Bill, which is the necessity of keeping children out of a labour market in which two million men are unable to find work. That in itself is a quite sufficient reason for keeping children at school a year longer. But, cogent as the reason is, it is not an answer to the question of what purpose education is to serve. Rather, since it extends the field of education, should it determine us to find the answer to that question. Several possible answers have been enumerated above. Perhaps the least unsatisfactory of them is that which finds in education a preparation for life. For, though "life" is in this sense a term incapable of definition, it is, in the experience of all of us, a term capable of description. We mean by "life" adult occupation (which includes leisure as well as work); and in the occupations and natures of the adults that all of us know there may be a

key to the problem.

In a fluid society like that of England today men of many different origins and many different educations are to be found working side by side. In this matter the individual must of necessity speak from his own particular knowledge. In my own particular knowledge there is one office in London where twelve men of almost equal authority work side by side and in complete harmony. One of them left school at the age of ten, and has been working at some branch or other of his present profession ever since, while another has been doing the same since the age of fourteen. Two of them went to grammar school and university before starting work. Another was trained for the ministry in Scotland, but, having lost his faith, gave up the ministry for his present work. Another comes from the Army and another from a ship's forecastle. Yet another has travelled over most of the known world, while another has not been outside the suburb of London in which he was born in working time, nor at holiday time further afield than Canvey Island. The subjects of these men's education have been as varied as the places. Some are linguists ; one is a physicist ; a third is a philosophical scholar ; a fourth a man whose education has been almost entirely manual. Together, they provide a microcosm of English education. Yet, with some necessary allowance for variation in individual taste and intelligence, each does his work as well as the next man. With the same necessary allowance, each enjoys his non-working life as much as his fellow and is as good a citizen as his fellow. This office is typical of the life of England, in business and industry, in town and country. Its variety and uniformity may be seen duplicated in every occupation from the occupation of Cabinet Minister downwards. And from it there is, I believe, a moral to be drawn : there is *a posteriori* no need to interfere with the wide variety which our present educational system allows.

Representative Men

III.—Prince Starhemberg

"I WILL not say that I am against it or for it. I cannot even say whether it is likely or unlikely to take place. But I do say that we cannot afford the luxury of discussing it at this moment." Thus Prince Ernst Rüdiger Starhemberg in a statement on the prospects of Habsburg restoration to the Austrian throne. The statement was made less than a month after the brief civil war of February, 1934, which broke Socialist power in Austria. In its first part it was reminiscent of the evasions of some leading British politicians of the day; in its second it was evidence of practical political sense. In both parts it was characteristic of a man whose political sense is constant, but in whom the aim towards which that political sense leads him seems never certain.

Perhaps it is just that Prince Starhemberg is typical of his native Austria, a country which the peace treaties left economically and politically stranded amid a sea of hostile or too, too friendly neighbours. Certainly he is typical of his country, or at any rate of his country's aristocracy, in other respects. He comes of one of the oldest families of Austria, of a family which was one of the twelve original families of the Holy Roman Empire. The Emperor Ottakar I was one of his ancestors; the Prince Starhemberg who freed Austria from the Ottoman menace in the seventeenth century was another.

The present Prince Starhemberg was born at the turn of the century, heir to wealth and a thousand privileges. He was educated at Gmünden and the Universities of Innsbruck and Munich, and, like the rest of his generation in so many European countries, went straight from the University into active military service. He was an officer of dragoons at eighteen, served on the Russian front and then on the Piave. The peace left him citizen of a country which had lost almost everything and gained nothing, a country which gave no

promise of a future to its young men, however well-born and brilliant.

Prince Starhemberg might without serious criticism have devoted himself to enjoyment of ancestral wealth and estates, to pursuit of the outdoor sports in which he excels. Instead he chose to play a part in politics. The politics, it is interesting to recall in view of his later development, were both Austrian and German; his share in them, characteristically, not attained by way of the party caucus. In 1922 he took part in a German political "putsch" in Munich, under the leadership of another Austrian, by name Adolf Hitler; later he commanded a storm troop in the Kapp "Putsch" in Berlin.

His intervention in his own country's politics was of the same, but a more cautious, kind. When Socialistic disaffection spread from Vienna to Linz and Eferding, on the doorstep of his own estates, he began to build an organisation to fight it. The organisation was called the Starhemberg Hunters. It has grown, with other bodies, into the Heimwehr (or, as its members prefer to call themselves, the Heimatschutz), and is now so closely linked with the Government that at many Austrian border towns it is the Heimwehrmen who perform frontier and customs duty.

Prince Starhemberg has spent most of his fortune on the Heimwehr. His return for this expenditure is a powerful influence on the course of Austrian politics. He has been in the Cabinet off and on since 1930, when Mgr. Seipel got him a place under General Vaugoin. Today, at thirty-seven, he is Vice-Chancellor under Dr. Schuschnigg. Tomorrow, it is sometimes said, he may be Regent of a restored Austrian monarchy.

It is not, however, by official rank that his power in Austria is to be reckoned. It is in the strength of this army of 100,000 Heimwehrmen, which he has built up and of which he is still the leader. The manner in which he has used, or refrained from using, the Heimwehr is

curiously in contrast with the intemperance of some of his excursions into official politics. He had to be dropped from General Vaugoin's Cabinet because of some strongly anti-Socialistic and anti-Jewish speeches; and about his former German Nazi associates he has said things which are not the common form of statesmen's international utterances. Yet on every occasion when it seemed possible that the Heimwehr was making a false move, he has remained in the background. It was thus on the occasion of the Heimwehr "Putsch" in Styria in 1931, when the Heimwehr was defeated and Dr. Pfrimer, leader of the "Putsch" and his only serious rival for the Heimwehr leadership, discredited. Likewise in the two more recent and serious crises of Austrian affairs. It was Dr. Dollfuss who bore most of the odium of the shelling of the Socialist quarters in Vienna; Major Fey who bore the responsibility for the extraordinary laxity which made possible the murder of Dollfuss.

Prince Starhemberg has undoubtedly had much political guidance from Signor Mussolini, for whom he has a great admiration. He has been helped, too, by Herr Otto Mandl, Jewish owner of the Hirtenberg arms factory which figured in an international incident some years ago. But it would be wrong to conclude from this that he is the puppet of other men. He has borrowed some ideas from Fascist Italy—along, it is said, with more tangible assistance—and, in his own words, "deliberately fostered Fascism" in Austria. But he was in fact a Fascist in spirit before Fascist Italy existed; and he is sufficiently realistic to see that Austria's future must depend on more than Italian goodwill.

The Prince Starhemberg who is Vice-Chancellor of Austria is not always the same man as the Prince Starhemberg who is leader of the Heimwehr. He knows that Fascism in its pure state is not a practical form of permanent government for a country half of whose inhabitants are still Socialist, just as he knows that a Habsburg restoration, much as it might help to

weld a politically heterogeneous people, is a dangerous expedient so long as the States which succeeded to the old Austro-Hungarian Empire are opposed to it. He knows that dictatorship in Austria, mild or otherwise, is not acceptable to the French Left Wing parties whose goodwill Austria must have if she is to obtain French assistance; that relaxation of Austrian dictatorship would immediately be followed by a recrudescence of Nazi activity.

In short, as a recent statement shows, Prince Starhemberg is aware of the manifold nature of his country's difficulties. That awareness may be his ultimate weakness. As Herr Hitler has shown in Germany, a bold challenge may dissipate what appear to be the inescapable realities of an international situation. Because he sees too many things, because he will not risk bringing the consequences of a bold challenge on others, Prince Starhemberg may never be more than what he is now—an influence in the background of Austrian politics.

BRITANNICUS VIATOR.

The Bohemian Club Legacy

By *E. H. Lacon Watson*

SOME twenty years ago, when I first joined the Bohemian Club, Sutherland Sparling must have been one of that institution's most popular members. I remember well the pride I felt when he first condescended to say a few words to me in the lounge. The Bohemian was not, perhaps, one of the most important clubs, but it had a certain reputation in circles that took an intelligent interest in games; and that was chiefly owing to Sparling's remarkable prowess. Two years before I joined he had been runner-up for the Amateur Golf Championship; a few years before that he had represented his University with some distinction on the cinder path at Queen's Club.

At bridge and billiards he was generally acknowledged to be our chief expert. His only rival in the club as an all-round man was a fellow called Waggett, about whom no one seemed to know very much. He was, comparatively, a new member, and it may be admitted that he and Sparling, in spite of a certain community of tastes, were not exactly the best of friends.

Personally, I liked Waggett, though I quite admit that there were occasions when he was inclined to shove himself forward. But he was indubitably an amusing dog. And he could play golf, too. Had he not been Sparling's partner when we won the Carew-Turner Cup? Some maintained that Waggett was a better player than Sparling himself. Nothing ever seemed to ruffle him or put him out. And at bridge he was held by the experts to be our star performer. So long as he remained a member he was unquestionably king of the card-room. It used to be a treat, said some malcontents, to hear him lecturing Sparling after a game and pointing out exactly how he might have gone game if he had noted the fall of the cards with any intelligence.

For it may be admitted that there were some members who considered that Sparling, even then, took rather too

much upon himself and was inclined to air his views on games to a degree that made other occupants of the lounge a trifle restive. He was full of theories. He loved above everything to stand up in front of the fire and demonstrate swings and stances and so forth with the aid of a poker or an umbrella or anything else that was handy. And he would do it uncommonly well, too. If you were keen on improving your drive, or if there was something wrong with your cueing at billiards, or if you were missing all your two-yard putts—then very probably half an hour or so of Sparling in the lounge after tea might do you all the good in the world.

But if you wanted to read *The Times* in peace, or were half way through an interesting story or article in one of the magazines, then it might be a different matter. There was one old fellow whose name was Dobson-Smiles —one of our oldest members, who had come to think perhaps that the club lounge had been built for his own special benefit—at whom Sparling had always been rather inclined to direct his remarks. In a way, I suppose it may be said that he was responsible for the first sign of trouble between Sparling and Waggett, though he never said a word himself. He used to sit there in his favourite chair—he was one of those club members who consider that from mere efflux of time they have acquired a prescriptive right to one particular chair—and give a curious little bow when Sparling happened to mention his name or appeal to him in any way, as he was rather fond of doing. Sparling, I thought, went rather far in that direction. "My friend, Mr. Dobson-Smiles, would tell you the same," he would say, hinting perhaps that the old man had been a great sportsman in his youth. And the Smiler, as he was generally called, would take it all in good part, looking humorously undisturbed behind his book or paper.

Waggett did not often come into the smoking lounge; he spent most of his time in the card-room. But he chanced to look in one afternoon when Sparling was in

the middle of one of his demonstrations showing us the various swings practised by Hagen, or " Bobby " Jones, or some American performer who was just then in the public eye. Waggett, I may say, was never afraid of saying what he thought. He listened for a minute or two, however, before butting in.

" I say, you fellows," he began, " is this a public performance, or what ? "

Sparling paused for a moment, for Waggett had that peculiarly penetrating sort of voice that cannot easily be disregarded.

" If you don't care to listen, you needn't," he said, coldly. It was only the day before that there had been a bit of a breeze between the two over the bridge table.

" But that isn't the question," said Waggett cheerfully. (He was never anything but cheerful, which troubled argumentative opponents.) " The point is, does a majority of the members here wish to hear you gassing about golf. I demand a show of hands. Those in favour of decent general conversation please signify the same in the usual manner." And up went his own.

Sparling gave a sort of shrug, as though asking the company if it was really necessary to take this buffoon seriously.

" I appeal to my friend Mr. Dobson-Smiles," he said, no doubt thinking that would be pretty safe. " If he says he does not want to listen to me, then I'll stop."

" Mr. Smiles has already supported my motion," said Waggett in his rasping voice. And, sure enough, there was the tip of old Smiler's right hand visible above his copy of *The Times*. Sparling was so angry that he went straight out of the lounge.

" Ought to be a close time for that sort of bilge," said Waggett as he went. And I have no doubt Sparling heard him. Two or three days later came the great row between the two in the card-room. I was not there myself, but I gathered that Sparling was the aggressor. Practically, he accused the other of cheating. I do not

think Waggett was ever guilty of anything of the kind; he was merely a very fine player. He had also a fine command of language, some flowers of which he employed on this occasion. The result was that Sparling reported him to the committee, and though I said what I could for him (it was a rather awkward position for me) the majority decided that he should be asked to resign. He did so, and I was sorry.

Sparling, of course, did not sit at the meeting which decided that point, though he was a member. We did not see much of him at the club during those few days. And when it was all over, and he returned, he was noticeably quieter for a time than he had been. Dobson-Smiles was also absent from his usual place. And then, suddenly, one morning in June, I saw the old man's name in *The Times* list of deaths. There was even a short obituary of him in the body of the paper. Years before he had done some work or other in the archæological line that had just brought him within the boundary fence that divides the obituary from the mere notice or announcement: a short paragraph recounted the fact that he had assisted at the discovery of the temple of E-Nannar, in the ancient city of Ut, which (or so the paper declared) lay at the head of the Persian Gulf.

"The old Smiler is dead," I said to Sparling, meeting him outside the club. "Another of the old gang gone."

And Sparling was quite concerned. That afternoon, delivering his customary lecture in front of the fireplace in the lounge, he took occasion to refer to the passing of our old friend and colleague in a few feeling words.

II

It may have been rather more than a fortnight later that the various members of the committee received a summons from the secretary couched in rather unusual terms. We were asked to meet for the "discussion of a proposal arising out of the will of the late Mr. Dobson-

Smiles, a member of this club." And, furthermore, our presence was urgently requested with a heavy line drawn under the words. I could not remember ever having received a communication of this sort before. Our secretary, generally speaking, was not so very anxious to secure a full attendance.

Normally, the committee of the Bohemian met once a week on Thursday afternoon. The affairs of the club had never caused us serious anxiety. Occasionally, of course, we had complaints to deal with. In every club, no doubt, there exists a dissatisfied residuum. But in our case we commonly contrived that these gentlemen should postpone their complaints until the Annual Meeting. After a few violent speeches had been made it was surprising how the atmosphere cleared itself. Sometimes, it is true, one or two members of the committee were sacrificed to appease the popular clamour. But that only happened in extreme cases.

Bradstreet, our chairman, was sitting at the head of the long table when Sparling and I entered the room. Sir William Bradstreet, well known in the City as a director of various companies, was perhaps a little pontifical in manner, but we felt it extremely creditable to the club that it should possess a man of such presence and dignity to act as arbiter of our proceedings. Sir William knew the rules of the game. We might be a Bohemian Club, but at our committee meetings we took care that everything should be done in due form.

The secretary read the minutes of the last meeting. We signified our assent that they should be signed as correct. Sir William leaned forward impressively in his chair.

"I have now," he said, "to call upon our secretary to read the communication which we received last Saturday morning, which has been the cause of your being summoned here to-day. A most remarkable communication, I may say—perhaps the most remarkable that has come under my notice since I accepted the chairmanship of this committee."

We all sat up, prepared to take notice. Most of us were present that afternoon—eight or nine, I think, in all.

Addison, our secretary, rose heavily (he was of comfortable build) and proceeded to adjust his spectacles and select a paper from the mass of documents in front of him. Addison had the art of denuding anything that he was asked to read before the committee of all expression. Not his, he seemed to say, to comment, nor even to hint that comment was in any way demanded; his duty merely required that he should place before us the bare facts.

"This is a letter," he explained, "that I received last Saturday from the well-known firm of Tarver, Tarver and Skelding, solicitors, of Chancery Lane, who appear to be engaged in winding up the estate of our friend Dobson-Smiles, who died a few weeks ago."

He proceeded to rehearse the letter in full. I will not follow his example, especially as I am not very strong in legal terminology. But the Smiler had evidently been very much attached to the club, and the upshot of it all was that, after many compliments, he had decided to express his gratitude in tangible form. Being without near relatives, he had bequeathed a sum of two thousand pounds, free of legacy duty, to the Committee of the Bohemian Club.

The eyes of all present brightened for a moment. I suppose most of us were rapidly calculating how much that would come to for each when equally divided. And old Addison, I imagine, made a slight pause at that point purposely, to permit certain of us to indulge in idle fancies.

He turned over a leaf.

"Here is the actual excerpt from the will," he resumed equably. "I have had it typed out, so that members of the committee can examine the conditions at their leisure." And copies of the sheet were handed round the table as he spoke. "Briefly, these are—that the committee shall hand over the entire sum to that

member of the Bohemian Club who shall be adjudged by a general ballot of members held under their direction to be the biggest bore in the club."

Addison sat down. Even at that moment it was impossible to judge from the expression of his face—round, tired but benevolent—whether he experienced amusement, surprise or disgust at the singular clause he had just delivered in his most detached manner. He would have invited us to examine a bombshell, with the fuse well alight, in the same tone of voice, beaming mildly at us through his glasses.

III

There were a few moments of awed silence, during which we all looked at each other. They were broken by a snigger from Medley, our youngest member.

"I say, that's a bit comic, surely." He spoke as though attempting to excuse himself for laughing at so serious a matter. "Must be a record, I should think."

Then spoke Collard, red-faced, black-bearded, who was always working himself up into a passion about something. He was a dramatist, and I dare say thought it good practice to register the emotions in his own person.

"I presume, Mr. Chairman," he began, "that the committee will not render itself ridiculous by accepting a gift to which such conditions are attached. I am assuming, of course, in the first place, that we are not being hoaxed."

Addison explained, in his tired voice, that he had naturally taken due precautions as to that. He had rung up the office of Messrs. Tarver and Skelding before sending out the notice convening the meeting; and so far as he could see everything was in order.

"Then in that case," Collard pursued, "it looks to me uncommonly as though Mr.—er—Dobson-Smiles, whom I had not the honour of knowing personally, was attempting to cast a posthumous insult upon the club to which he belonged." He looked round for applause, his

black beard bristling. Collard loved turning a phrase, but he demanded that it should be appreciated by his fellows.

Very probably Collard voiced, more or less, the opinion of the meeting, but there was unfortunately something about the man's manner that provoked opposition. If anyone else had moved the rejection of the legacy it is quite possible that the motion might have been carried, though we were always a rather argumentative body. But Collard's voice was rasping, his manner unpleasantly cocksure. No Englishman likes being driven.

"I don't agree," put in Sparling, who had enjoyed passages with Collard before. "Two thousand pounds is quite a nice little sum of money. I submit that we have not the right to take away the chance of inheriting this little windfall from some gentleman who might be extremely glad to get it."

"If Mr. Sparling has no concern for the reputation of the club," retorted Collard, "I have no more to say." But he had plenty, you may be sure. He explained, at length, that we, as a committee, were there for the express purpose of protecting the said reputation. We should be jealous of it, as of our own honour. And so forth, in his most eloquent fashion.

"I suggest that Mr. Collard be reminded that until we have decided to accept this legacy it is useless for him to attempt to qualify," Sparling interrupted. At which there was a good deal of laughter, and Collard's beard bristled more than ever. Obviously he was getting really angry.

Sir William Bradstreet hastened to soothe ruffled feelings. The Bohemian Club, he submitted, owed a great deal to those who, like Mr. Collard, worked so assiduously to protect its reputation. But he could not help recognizing that there was something in the contention voiced by Mr. Sparling. After all, there was no reason why the exact terms of the legacy should be broadcast to the world.

Collard made a gesture of dissent.

"My dear Sir William," he protested. "As though you or anyone else could possibly prevent the press placarding a morsel like that! In a club like this, too, largely composed of journalists. Even if the legacy is refused I doubt very much if you will be able to keep the story out of the papers."

"If that is so," said young Medley, who had not spoken since the argument began, "we might just as well accept as not. As well be hung for a sheep as a lamb."

"Quite a fat sheep, too," put in another member.

Sparling, taking up the tale again, considered the point from another angle. He had enjoyed the pleasure of Dobson-Smiles's acquaintance for many years, and he thought he could discern what the dear old fellow had been driving at in this perhaps rather curious manifestation of posthumous generosity. He loved the Bohemian. Day after day he used to come there and sit in his accustomed chair in the smoking room, listening to the conversation. (An audible snort from Collard.) Now and again, perhaps, his pleasure had been interrupted or marred in some way by one of those unfortunate animals whom we were accustomed to stigmatize by the name of "bores." He (Sparling) had no doubt that he had one such specimen in his mind.

"I have not the smallest doubt that he had," sneered Collard.

The eyes of the two met.

"Come, come," interjected the chairman hastily. "Let Mr. Sparling finish what he was about to say."

"I've nothing further to remark, Sir. I merely beg leave to put the motion that this committee accept the legacy of Mr. Dobson-Smiles, and that arrangements be made at once to carry its conditions into effect."

Medley, I think, was the seconder. Collard, of course, raised his voice again. But Sir William, an experienced hand at the game, kept him within reasonable bounds.

Sparling's motion was carried, and the day of the ballot was fixed at a fortnight from that date.

IV

On the whole, in spite of Collard and his prophecies, there were curiously few comments in the press about the Dobson-Smiles bequest and the remarkable conditions attached thereto. I noticed only one or two hints or veiled comments, in the gossip sections of certain illustrated papers, but these did not seem to attract any particular notice. The fact is, that sort of personal raillery has ceased to amuse a public who no longer care two hoots, as the phrase goes, about the private affairs of a number of literary gentlemen with whom they are personally unacquainted. In no single instance did I see anything like the real story given to the world; and not more than two or three of my friends (members of other clubs) seemed aware of any rumour that there was anything going on at the Bohemian at all out of the ordinary.

Even at the Bohemian itself, at first, few of the members seemed to take much notice. Addison (acting upon instructions from Bradstreet) had sent round a sufficiently inconspicuous notice, which, with the accompanying ballot paper, was no doubt immediately consigned to the waste-paper basket by those members who were not in touch with everything that was going on in the club. Very properly, too, the executive had decided not to allow too much time for deliberation. Replies were to be sent in within four days, and at the next Thursday's committee meeting the result, it was hoped, would be announced. Get the whole thing over before the story came out, and it might be possible to restrict the circulation within modest limits. The result once out, it became an old story, stale and unprofitable.

I am inclined to believe that we might, so to speak, have got away with it, so casual is the notice given by the ordinary man to notices received under the rate for printed matter, had it not become clear during the

Saturday of that week that the man Collard was conducting some secret negotiations. He was observed to be way-laying various members of the club and leading them aside into the curious little closet that was known as the conference room. I believe I was the first to notice this, and I called Sparling's attention to it. On the Sunday morning, rather to my surprise, Sparling came in person to my flat before I had finished breakfast. It is true I am apt to be a little late on Sundays, but it was unusual. Sparling, on Sundays, generally abode by the domestic hearth.

"Hullo!" I said. "Anything wrong?" For he did not look any too cheerful.

He flopped down on a seat, and regarded me with a frown.

"About that fellow Collard," he began. "You said you thought he was up to something."

"I did. Dirty work, for a dollar. He wouldn't look me in the face when I ran up against him yesterday."

"Well, he is. He's canvassing."

"Canvassing? What about?" For the moment I could not quite gather what he meant.

"Canvassing for votes for this legacy thing."

"Well, why not? I should let him if I were you. Unless you want the money yourself."

"Don't be a fool! He's trying to get them to vote for me. Medley told me last night. He found out from some young friend of his whom Collard was trying to get hold of."

"The devil he is!"

"Yes! Look here, we've got to get to work sharp."

"A little counter-mining, eh?"

Sparling sat on my chair, biting his lip.

"It's the only thing to do, so far as I can see," he said. "The trouble is, he's got in first. We may find it a bit of a job to catch him up. Have you got a list of members here?"

I had, fortunately. He examined it while I was finishing my breakfast.

"Of course, old Blankson ought to get the prize, if anyone ever got their rights," I said. "Shall we run him as our candidate? Money would be useful to him, too."

"Not on your life. If Collard's canvassing for me, I'm going to canvas for Collard. This is a straight fight."

"I see. The only point is—some men are pretty sure to vote for old Blankson, anyhow. There won't be a big poll, and if you want to be on the safe side——"

"Safe side be jiggered. I'm going to see that Collard gets the vote."

Sparling was always an obstinate fellow. I set to work on an orange.

"You and I will have to do some house-to-house visitation," he went on. "I'm just marking a few names."

That Sunday was one of the most strenuous I remember, in recent years. I confess that, as a rule, I like to spend my Sundays in calm reflection, but friendship has its obligations, and I like to think that I did not let Sparling down when he called upon me.

I spent some five hours that day in his service, ringing up members whom I hardly knew on the telephone and asking if they could see me for a few minutes if I came round, and then (supposing they consented, which a good many of them were rather nervous about, suspecting me of wanting a loan) going round to their various houses and trying to put the matter before them in a reasonable manner.

I had no idea, before that Sunday, what a dull lot our Bohemians were. It took me half an hour to explain to some of them what had happened and what we wanted them to do. And then, when I had nearly exhausted myself, probably they would find that the papers had been thrown away and lost. And, of course, without the ballot paper we could do nothing.

I visited nearly a dozen men that day, and Sparling, I suppose, at least as many. We both urged everyone

to keep as quiet as they could about the business, for we did not want Collard to guess that we had tumbled to what he was doing. Better, we thought, to lull him into a false security. But by the Tuesday it was pretty nearly an open secret, I fancy. You cannot keep men from talking to each other when a fight like that is going on. It became quite comic once or twice when both Collard and Sparling were trying to get hold of the same man, and it almost came to an open bout of fisticuffs between them in the corridor outside the conference room, when Sparling caught his opponent, as he imagined, attempting to seduce young Morse, whom he himself had proposed for the club not more than a year ago. Sparling was a little apt to let his temper get the better of his judgment. I know both he and Collard were as red as turkey-cocks when I happened to come by and led my principal away.

Fortunately, the papers had to be in by the Wednesday morning, first post, so there was no time for the feeling to spread much further. I confess I was glad to feel that, one way or the other, the matter was settled. It was becoming too much of a strain altogether. A very little more time, and the whole club would have been divided into two warring factions. I remember feeling that Wednesday that it would be more peaceful to lunch somewhere away from the Bohemian, and I strolled down the Strand, eventually dropping in to a new restaurant, then just recently started.

As I entered the spacious lounge, outside the dining room, the first man I saw was Waggett, sitting in a chair and apparently waiting for someone. He jumped up and greeted me.

"You're the very man I wanted to see," he said. "How's the old pot-house going? I've heard some curious rumours lately. What's really happened?"

I did not see why Waggett should not have the story. I began to tell him what had happened. And he enjoyed it. I don't mind saying that I made the best of it. I

gave him Collard in the committee room, and Sparling and Bradstreet—all to the life, as he admitted. A good listener, Waggett ! He laughed until the tears ran down his face. And then, when I had nearly finished, the lady for whom he was waiting came in, and he insisted that I should join their party for lunch. We had a very jolly lunch indeed, and Waggett insisted I should tell the story again, beginning at the beginning, for her benefit. I think, between ourselves, I told it better the second time than the first, and Miss Firth (that was her name) laughed almost as much as Waggett himself.

I will say this for Waggett, he was always an amusing fellow. It was not so much what he said, as the way he had of drawing you out. A stimulating talker, I should call him. I cannot remember having a more entertaining hour than I spent that Wednesday with him and his fair companion. I was quite sorry when it was all over, and she glanced at her watch and said she was too terribly late for words.

Waggett saw her out, and came back to me.

" Nice woman, that," I said. " Does she really have to work in an office ? "

" I expect you'd like to know where," he retorted chaffingly.

" I wouldn't mind. Not that I want to poach in your preserves."

He laughed. " I'm not afraid of competition, my dear fellow. Jessica and I understand each other pretty well." His eye twinkled as he took a letter from his pocket. " Curiously enough, I was thinking of sending you this before you happened to drop in here. I wanted you to give the enclosure to Addison if you don't mind."

" Certainly, if you like. There's a committee meeting to-morrow. In fact, *the* committee meeting."

" So I understood. Look here, give him the enclosure after it's all over, will you ? I don't want to interfere with the business of the meeting."

He grinned as he wrote down something on the

sheet, replaced it in the envelope, and carefully sealed it up.

"Don't forget now. After the committee meeting, not before. Mustn't interfere with the announcement of the result. No real importance, but Addison will be glad to have it."

V

I stuffed the letter into my pocket. And, when the time came, I very nearly forgot all about it in the excitement of the moment. It really was rather exciting, that committee meeting. It was a full house, you may be sure, and both Sparling and Collard were palpably anxious. Addison, it seemed to me, was even longer than usual about reading the minutes of the previous meeting. I thought, and so did several of the others, that we should never get to the crucial moment. There, in front of our noses, lay the envelope containing the ballot papers, and still Addison droned on with his formalities.

The minutes were passed and signed. At a signal from Sir William, Addison rose again.

"I have here," he recommenced, "the ballot papers which were sent out, under your instructions, on Friday last, and which the scrutineers have examined and reported upon. Owing no doubt to the short time allowed, the total number of papers sent in is very small in proportion to the membership of the club. Not more than one hundred and forty-seven papers were returned, out of more than a thousand sent out." He paused to adjust his glasses and examine the paper before him.

Sparling, sitting next to me, crossed and uncrossed his legs impatiently.

"Oh, get on, for Heaven's sake," he muttered under his breath.

Collard, on the other side, showed a countenance distinctly less ruddy than usual. His lips were twitching, but he sat immobile, supporting his chin in his hand.

"Of those one hundred and forty-seven papers," Addison went on, prolonging the agony, "no fewer than six were spoiled owing to the balloting members disregarding the instructions. On five papers two names were written, whereas it was distinctly stated that only one member was to be voted for; on the remaining one someone had written the name of a gentleman who is no longer a member of this club. Excluding these from the reckoning, the scrutineers find that the voting has resulted in a tie."

Secretaries of social clubs, perhaps, have not too many amusements, and they no doubt suffer, on occasion, a good many pin-pricks from inconsiderate members. But it seemed to me that Addison, with his deliberate and dispassionate methods, was doing a good deal to redress the balance. We were all, by this time, beginning to manifest impatience.

"Name, name," called young Medley. Collard sprang to his feet angrily, but the chairman intervened.

"One moment, Mr. Collard," he said suavely, leaning slightly forward, and Collard sat down again.

Addison was not to be hurried.

"Disregarding eleven votes," he proceeded, "that have been cast for various members, they find that the numbers are sixty-five each in favour of two members of our committee—Mr. Sutherland Sparling and Mr. Ian Ambrose Collard."

Still wearing his patiently benign expression, but without displaying the smallest sign of amusement or even of interest, Addison calmly resumed his seat.

Sparling jumped to his feet, beating Collard by a split second.

"I beg to resign in Mr. Collard's favour," he cried.

"I beg to propose," retorted Collard, his eyes flashing, his face redder than ever, "that these ridiculous proceedings be quashed. As I have always maintained——"

Sparling interrupted. "Serves you damned well right," he said. And then the row began. Putting

my hand in my pocket, I was suddenly reminded of the letter I had promised to hand to Addison. I tore open the envelope, and passed the enclosure across the table to him. Inside was a covering note to me:—

Sorry, old thing, but I fancy enclosed is the original sheet that should have accompanied Tarver's letter. My mistake, of course, and all that, but you and I know how the Bohemians appreciate a joke. Still I admit that even the best joke can be carried too far. What I have asked you to hand to your Chairman ends it. I persuaded the fair Jessica (who happens to be Tarver's confidential secretary) to type out the version of the Smiler's bequest. If she gets the sack over this our wedding may take place at once, and you, I hope, will hold the ring.

P.S.—Give my love to Sparling.

I had just read this, and was wondering whether I should not slink out of the room while there was yet time, when I saw Sir William rising to his feet.

"Gentlemen," he said, "it would appear that there has been a mistake. The amount of the legacy left by our late friend is, it is true, two thousand pounds, but, according to this document, for which it seems another was fraudulently substituted——"

He paused, and his eyes surveyed the gathering, resting last of all on me. It seemed to me that they looked stormy.

"May I ask," he went on, "how the authentic document which has been just handed to me came into your hands?"

Not having a lie ready, it occured to me that the truth might serve.

"It was handed to me, Sir William, just before the committee meeting."

"By whom?"

I shall always maintain that our chairman, despite his pontifical manner, is human. At that moment, while

I was conscious that every eye in the room was turned upon me, I distinctly saw his left eyelid flicker. I gathered that the situation might yet be saved, if names were not mentioned.

" It was given me," I said, " by a friend of Sparling's."

Sparling turned round as if something had bitten him. " A friend of mine. What do you mean ? "

I gave a slight shrug. " He asked me to give you his love," I explained.

Collard gave a laugh, not unlike the bark of an angry dog. Sparling turned towards him, fists clenched. Sir William's voice once more rose blandly above the tumult.

" I suggest, gentlemen, that I read the revised document. This handsome sum is left to the committee of the club without other conditions except that it be employed by them to the general advantage of our members. I think—er—we may now consider this meeting at an end, and—er—say no more about the occurrences of the last few days, during which we have all laboured under a not unnatural misapprehension."

Sir William Bradstreet, I will always maintain, makes a better chairman of committee than some of our younger members think.

Year's Cadence

(from the Japanese)

What of the Morrow ?
I climb, seeking an answer—
Snow blocks the mountain.

Hast thou no comfort,
Lady of Frozen Silence ?—
In my lap Spring lies.

I hear the North Wind,
Shouting, tearing the branches.
I laugh—Narcissus.

She wept, my young Love,
Then laughed to see the tears fall—
Her name was April.

Speed is the Gods' breath ?—
Noise the Life-call, Life-answer ?
Yet cherries blossom.

In the broad sun-shaft
They dance, the ephemera—
I too will dance, then.

How should I house Love ?
I gave him but a small room.
Lo, a God entered.

I am a craftsman.
Do but give me your orders :—
Make, then, a rain-drop.

Cometh the Harvest :
One hath grown rice, one silk-worms.
How thin my small book !

The trees stood waiting.
The Gods were tired of playing.
So they made apples.

What, then, is Evil ?
Fogs, though they hide the Moon's face,
Cannot impair it.

Who would not voyage
Rather than bring in cargoes ?
Alas ! My song ends.

R. CHRISTIAN DUNCAN.

Two Lakes

NAKURU'S lake is deep and blue.
The midday sun beats fiercely down,
Reflecting, with a burning gleam,
The iron roofings of the town.
In bold relief the hills stand out.
Around the lake the glimmering haze
Hovers above the sun-baked grass
And shimmers o'er the fields of maize.

Naivasha's lake is cool and wide,
Peaceful and calm its greyish-blue.
Misty the crown of Longonot,
Cloudy the peaks of Eburru.
Morning and eve the cattle come
To drink the waters, sweet and clear.
The brooding peace of Highland lakes
And English country homes are here.

PETER SHANNON.

Pax Wahhabica

By H. St. J. B. Philby.

IN order to appreciate properly the achievement of Ibn Sa'ud in building up a modern kingdom in Arabia it is necessary to understand something of the principles and organisation of Wahhabism, on which that kingdom has been founded. "Wahhabism" was originally a nickname generally applied by its enemies to the particular puritanical form of Islam which has prevailed in Arabia during the past two centuries. As one may readily imagine, the simple life and grim hardships of the desert tend to produce a fanatical attitude in its inhabitants, who are fundamentally xenophobe and generally contemptuous of luxuries of life which are as little within their reach as they are conspicuous by their abundance in the towns and countries beyond the desert borders.

It was on such foundations of primitive civilisation that the Prophet Muhammad had built up his creed of Islam, which, when it spread beyond the desert and came into contact with the religions and philosophies of Byzantium and Persia, soon became corrupted from its original simplicity. Thus, for about two centuries after the death of Muhammad, Islam tended to develop on exotic lines. The basic principles of the creed were forgotten amid the weeds that grew up round it, and, when the four great schools of Islamic interpretation arose in the eighth and ninth centuries A.D., it had already become very difficult to distinguish between false and true traditions of the Prophet's actual teaching.

One of these schools, the Hanbali school, approached the problem on the strictest puritanical lines, rejecting every tradition for which there was not ample authority. And, naturally enough, it was this school that found most favour in the desert atmosphere of Arabia, which still retained some memories of the Prophet. At times

there was inevitably some back-sliding among the Arabs who retained a hankering after their old pagan gods, supposed to be capable of giving them rain or children or other blessings, if properly propitiated. But each period of such back-sliding was followed by the appearance of a teacher—Ibn Taimiya and his pupil Ibn al Qaiyim were the most important reformers in the Middle Ages—who aimed at bringing the people back to the true principles of Islam. The Hanbali system was invariably adopted by such reformers as being at once the simplest to inculcate in the minds of a primitive people and also the nearest to the ideal religion as it was imagined to have been in the days of the Prophet. A tendency developed to concentrate less on Hanbalism as such and to go back to the Quran and the accepted traditions of the Prophet, and this tendency formed the basis of the teaching of Muhammad ibn 'Abdul Wahhab in the middle of the eighteenth century. Hence Wahhabism as we know it today, professing to be as nearly as possible the actual creed taught and practised by Muhammad himself and his companions.

With this creed as their war-cry the Wahhabis of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, under the ancestors of King Ibn Saud, built an Arabian Empire. The Turks, alarmed by such a threat to their own Empire, took military action, and the Wahhabis were eventually crushed in 1818 by Ibrahim Pasha, who razed to the ground their capital of Dar'iya. But Wahhabism remained latent in the deserts of Arabia in spite of this severe blow, and by the middle of the nineteenth century King Ibn Saud's grandfather ruled almost as large an empire as his predecessors, while the Turks had renounced the hopeless task of governing a country so vast, so unwieldy and so barren. But by this time the fanaticism of the Wahhabis had greatly cooled down, and there was nothing left but to bind its centrifugal nomadic elements into an organic whole. The tribes relapsed into their old habit of fighting amongst themselves and dissensions

began to appear after the death of the old ruler, Faisal, in 1867. Meanwhile a powerful secular state was growing up in northern Arabia under the ægis of the Rashid dynasty of Hail, and about 1890 Muhammad ibn Rashid evicted the Wahhabi dynasty from Arabia and occupied Riyadh.

II

When 'Abdul 'Aziz ibn Sa'ud turned the tables on the usurper and settled down to the consolidation of his position, he was confronted with a grave problem. History had taught him that the Arabs could be galvanised into union under the impulse of a great religious idea, and that they could be similarly united by the magnetism of a great personality. But great personalities must die and religious zeal is liable to cool. In either case an empire built upon such foundations would inevitably fall to pieces as the Badawin tribal elements reverted to their old habits. How then, in Arabian conditions, could permanence of empire be assured in a nomadic pastoral community as volatile as the sands of the desert? There was, indeed, only one way. If an empire could not be built permanently in Arabian conditions, Arabian conditions must be changed to suit the requirements of a permanent empire. It was a stupendous task and, if it could be successfully achieved at all, Ibn Sa'ud was the right person in the right place to achieve it, and he had at his command the latent fire of the same Wahhabism which had enabled his ancestors to create an empire more than a century before.

After ten years of incessant warfare up and down the country Ibn Sa'ud was ready with his solution of the problem in 1912. He had decided at any rate to attempt the seemingly impossible task of converting the Arabian nomad into a settled agriculturist. He had already sent forth his Wahhabi missionaries to call the Badawin to repentance of their wayward pagan habits and, little by little, they had succeeded in instilling the fear of God

into the simple souls of the Badawin. The religious law (called Shar') should henceforth be followed instead of tribal custom. All true Muslims should realise that they were brothers and not enemies as under the old tribal system. Raiding, the favourite pastime of the desert, should cease and the service of God alone should be the objective of every man. To signalise the renouncement of all blood-feuds and other tribal ties people of different tribes should combine to form village communities and to cultivate the land. To encourage them the State would provide financial assistance to such colonies and would itself build in each village a mosque for the prayers and religious instruction of the colonists, while it would also provide them with rifles and ammunition to be used, when necessary, in the service of God.

Thus in 1912 the first colony of the " Brethren " (or *Ikhwan* as they were called) was founded at the desert wells of Artawiya in Central Arabia. Its first inhabitants came from the great tribes (formerly deadly enemies and rivals) of Harb and Mutair, and the first parish priest was a man called 'Uthman ibn Jubail, a man of extreme fervour, to whom much of the credit for the success of the movement is due. The bare space round the desert wells was dotted with the mud-huts of a tiny hamlet as the Badawin came in from the desert to settle down to a life of agriculture. Little plots of corn and barley were sown to produce food and irrigated from the wells, while palms were also planted. The experiment proved successful beyond the expectations of those concerned, whose simple faith and vigorous industry have in twenty years converted the original hamlet of mud-huts into a flourishing walled town of over 10,000 inhabitants. And this colony has served since then as a model for about a hundred new colonies of the same kind, planted under the auspices of Ibn Sa'ud in various desert localities where the presence of water promised reasonable prospects of success.

Such was the simple experiment incepted in 1912 by Ibn Sa'ud. Each colony has become a territorial military cantonment, contributing its quota to the standing army, which has ever since formed the backbone of the empire which the King has developed steadily in spite of the grave obstacles in his way—partly by conquest and partly by the peaceful absorption of neighbouring provinces. The result of the movement was in due course the dual monarchy of the Hijaz and Najd, which has been more recently consolidated into the single Kingdom of Sa'udi Arabia. But the comparatively peaceful scene of today has developed out of a decade of continuous warfare, beginning in 1919 with the famous battle of Turaba and ending with the final crushing of a rebellion fomented by the redoubtable Badawin chief, Faisal al Duwish, in the early months of 1930. The invasion and capture of the Hijaz in 1924-25 has perhaps been the outstanding achievement of the Ikhwan forces, but its record includes the capture of Hail and Jauf in 1921-2, the occupation of the 'Asir province in 1920, and the rout of the Yemeni armies two years ago.

Its achievements in war, however, seem to pale into insignificance compared with its record in peace. Throughout the length and breadth of Wahhabi Arabia there is now an atmosphere of peace and security which is quite unprecedented in the history of the country. One may wander about in any part of it now, by motor-car or by camel, without risk of molestation; and in the Hijaz, once the most turbulent and unruly part of the whole land, the pilgrims can go to and fro without the slightest anxiety as regards the security of their lives and property. Yet nowhere can one see any sign of the troops or police on which in any ordinary country such peace and security are based. The old guard-posts on the roads of the Hijaz and the Hasa have fallen into ruins and are no longer used to accommodate the garrisons of former times. There are a few soldiers and police in uniform at Jidda and Mecca, but elsewhere in the desert and in the districts there is no outward and visible sign of any guardians of

the peace. The shadow of the Wahhabi army, hidden away in the Ikhwan colonies scattered about the great desert, broods over all Arabia. Potential disturbers of the peace know it and have on occasion suffered severely from its sudden onslaughts—so they disturb the peace no more. And the army, like the old legions of Rome, cultivates its vegetables and dates and cereals in its cantonments peacefully until such time as it may be called out for service by its King.

III

The establishment of peace and security in a country so little used to such things as Arabia represents a greater achievement than all the military successes by which the Wahhabis have built up the present Empire of Sa'udi Arabia. To what uses has this peace been put?

When the prospect of a Wahhabi occupation of the Hijaz, formerly ruled by the Turks and more recently by the Sharifian dynasty, confronted the world in 1924, it was commonly thought and said—even by people who had considerable knowledge and experience of Arabia—that the clock of progress would be put back indefinitely, that the pilgrimage would be killed or whittled away to almost nothing by the new fanaticism, and that Arabia would be closed to all commercial and political communication with the world at large.

The years that have passed since then have dispelled all such doubts and fears. Up till December 23, 1925, when the national flag of the Wahhabis fluttered in the breeze at Jidda for the first time side by side with the banners of the European and other countries which were represented by consuls at the seaport, Arabia had indeed had a thoroughly bad record. The Turks had left some wireless stations at Madina and a few other places to remind us of their war-time effort, and King Husain had added to their number, but the use of these stations were strictly confined to Government purposes. Then King Husain had, during and after the war, made a great show of reorganising his army on approved European lines

with an air force to support it, with artillery and even with a small fleet to help in the protection of the Hijaz coast; but the military organisation had already once been shattered by the Wahhabis at Turaba in 1919 and, when it was put to the sterner test of the Wahhabi invasion of 1924-25, its worthlessness was soon evident and the comparatively ill-armed enemy soon had the country at its mercy. There was indeed nothing solid behind the outward show and the civil administration was, if anything, a greater fiasco. The revenues and the very life of the Hijaz have from time immemorial depended mainly on the pilgrimage, but the Turks had never been able to establish the security necessary to attract visitors in large numbers while King Husain, whose besetting vice was avarice, was mainly concerned not to safeguard the pilgrims from pillage or worse on the highways, but to divert the lion's share of the loot into his own Treasury.

The Muslim world naturally wondered what the wild, fanatical Wahhabis would make of a situation badly mismanaged by the comparatively enlightened, though over-ambitious and too avaricious, Husain. And the first actions of the Wahhabis, both at Mecca and Madina, scarcely seemed to inspire confidence. They set to work ruthlessly to demolish all the dome-covered historic shrines and graves that had so long been favourite places of visitation for the pilgrims from India, Java, Egypt and elsewhere. Naturally there were public and official protests against such iconoclasm, but the Wahhabis would not compromise with idolatry in any form. They stuck to their principles, announced the elimination of all superstitions and idolatrous practices from the pilgrimage ceremonies, declared that pilgrims would be welcome if they came for the serious purposes of religion and, above all, promised that henceforth the lives and property of all pilgrims would be secure against any kind of molestation. This was a substantial *quid pro quo* to balance the Wahhabi reforms and the Muslim world wondered whether

Ibn Sa'ud would be able to perform what he promised.

The very small pilgrimage of 1925, while the war was still going on in the Hijaz and necessitated the landing of pilgrims at Rabigh instead of Jidda, seemed to promise well. The pilgrims went to Mecca and returned thence without any sort of mishap, while the Badawin looked on with hungry eyes, not daring to challenge the new ruler, who was well-known to be ruthless in case of need, and wondering whether they had really met their master after all these centuries. A few months later these very same Badawin of the Harb tribe, unable to keep the peace any longer, challenged the Government and took up their position in the reputedly impregnable pass of 'Usfan. The Wahhabis were on them almost without warning and 400 of the rebellious Badawin perished as a warning to their fellows. So the safety of pilgrims was finally established as the bed-rock foundation of the new administration, and it must be admitted to its credit that since those early days the pilgrims who have visited the Hijaz have never had anything to complain about on the score of safety though, being for the most part people of the poorer, generally agricultural, classes, they may find the pilgrimage rather an expensive luxury in these hard times.

In those early days of the Wahhabi regime, however, all the world was rich and prosperous, and during the years 1926 to 1930 there were bumper pilgrimages averaging, perhaps, 100,000 persons annually from overseas alone. More perhaps than the safety now definitely guaranteed by the Government, another factor played an important part in the encouragement of the pilgrims. Ibn Sa'ud, though born and bred in desert conditions—except for a short visit to Basra in 1915 he has never been outside his own country and has no desire to travel abroad—soon realised the advantages of motor-transport for Arabia, and, in 1926, for the first time, motor-cars were freely permitted for the carriage of pilgrims to Mecca and Madina. The extra comfort and speed thus

assured were additional attractions, and there are now many hundreds of motor vehicles in running order (more or less) in a country which had never seen a motor-car when I first knew it and which probably did not possess a dozen vehicles all told at the time of the Wahhabi conquest of the Hijaz in 1925. Arabia has thus suddenly become a good customer of the United States for—needless to say—it is the cheap mass-production vehicles of the Ford and General Motors companies that have had the biggest success in this desert country.

During those early years the Wahhabi King, who had hitherto been accustomed to administer his huge desert kingdom on a maximum income of £200,000 a year, suddenly found himself the happy possessor of several millions of pounds per annum. As was almost inevitable, this sudden access of wealth produced an almost reckless extravagance in the administration. Traditional Arab hospitality found a vent in the most lavish entertainment of honoured guests from abroad. Visitors like Amanullah Khan, ex-king of Afghanistan, members of the former Turkish royal family, leaders of the Muslim communities of India, Egypt, Morocco and Java flocked to the pilgrimage and were nobly entertained at a huge cost to the Government. The administration itself was built up on a scale out of all proportion to the needs of the country, while the royal family, probably the largest single royal family in the world, received princely allowances and spent them like princes. In addition to all this many improvements were undertaken. A part of the road from Jidda to Mecca was metalled at a heavy cost, electric lighting was indulged in on an unprecedented scale, machine pumps were installed to increase the agricultural area and so forth. But in this orgy of expenditure the King did take the wise step of setting aside and banking in a European bank (though without interest, be it noted, as the Muslim code does not allow usury !) a sum of £400,000 gold.

And then suddenly the economic blizzard of 1931 and the following years descended on Arabia, as on the rest of the world. The silver and nickel currency of the Government, introduced in 1927, was the first institution to feel the full force of the shock, which came upon it during the pilgrimage ceremonies of April, 1931. Its value depreciated rapidly and progressively with the result that the silver Riyal, once standing at ten to the gold £, is now at 24 and has been several points lower. The Government had not the necessary experience to meet the storm and merely bowed before it, though the reserve above-mentioned now came in very useful and enabled the King to hold things together until the necessary economies could be introduced into the administration, which was ruthlessly cut down to a mere shadow of its old self. Similarly drastic economies were effected in the domestic expenditure of the King himself and all the royal family. And the Government had good reason to be thankful that just before this sudden change in the economic situation it had negotiated with the Marconi Company a very satisfactory arrangement for the installation of a considerable number of wireless stations all over the country. No single act of the Government has contributed so substantially to the economical working of a once cumbrous administration, but unfortunately for the Marconi Company the Government was now unable to pay the agreed price of the new installations by due date, and the amount owed to this company as well as to other creditors—a total sum of about £300,000 gold—was funded for future payment under a moratorium proclaimed in November, 1931.

Thus suddenly and for no particular fault of Arabia itself the smiles of Fortune were changed to frowns, and a series of very poor pilgrimages, averaging 20,000 instead of the former 100,000, since that of 1931 reduced the Government and the country to dire financial straits, which have imposed the severest economy on all concerned.

IV

Having seen Arabia as it must have been from the earliest times and watched its transformation into the semblance of a modern state, I hope yet to see at least the beginning of the great future which I have always predicted for the Wahhabi State, which has risen Phoenix-like from the ashes of its glorious though troubled past and become what it is—one of the few wholly independent countries of the Islamic world—owing to the vigour and genius of a single man.

The late Dr. D. G. Hogarth, who always had a great admiration for the personality of the Wahhabi ruler, thought that, whatever might be the case while he was alive to direct her destinies, Arabia could never be cured of its chronic inability to settle down to peaceful development. My argument against that view was always that everything depended on how long Ibn Sa'ud might be spared to direct the development of his country and on the extent to which he might be able so to weld it together by political unification on the one hand and by the development of effective communications on the other while he lived that after his passing his huge and unwieldy desert realm might be able to stand alone. Dr. Hogarth lived to see the Wahhabi occupation of the Hijaz, which he had never thought likely to materialise, and his opinion of the future might well be different today to what it was twenty years ago if he had lived to see recent developments in Arabia. In any case Ibn Sa'ud at 58 years of age is still a young man as Kings go, and there is no reason why he should not live another twenty years or more to consolidate his achievement. And he can already claim that the development of communications under his auspices—motor routes all over the country, wireless stations, even aeroplanes to some extent—has contributed to make the administration of the desert peninsula a far easier proposition than it was ten years ago, when camels still represented the fastest means of travel.

There is, indeed, no doubt whatever that the great extension of wireless communications has not only revolutionised the administration of the country by enabling the King to get news and issue orders at the slightest sign of trouble in any part of his territories, but has reduced the actual cost of communications enormously. In the old days the camel post was the only available method of communication and took roughly as many days to perform its errand as the later motor-cars took hours over similar business. But the cost of motor-transport for the post—say between Mecca and Riyadh—was prodigious. Always, in case of possible accidents, at least two cars had to be allocated for each postal despatch and that meant at least £80 for each journey. The wireless telegraph has now superseded the post between all distant points and the stations are kept busy day and night receiving or despatching messages—often messages of 5,000 to 6,000 words at a time and that invariably in cipher. And as an instance of the practical result of such an improvement in communications I need only quote one case in which war between the Wahhabi State and Yaman was averted in 1931 only because of the presence of wireless installations. The King was at Riyadh and the Imam at San'a, while halfway between them a frontier dispute suddenly arose which would certainly have resulted in fighting had not the local officials on both sides realised the necessity of asking for the orders of their respective sovereigns. And so the matter was amicably settled within a few weeks entirely by wireless correspondence between the two rulers and their representatives on the spot.

So one of the essential conditions of future stability has been firmly established by Ibn Sa'ud, and every year will doubtless see further improvements in the country's communications—such, for instance, as the opening a few years ago of a motor-route from Mecca to Abha in the 'Asir highlands, 7,000 feet above sea-level near the ever-tense frontier of the Yaman. The second essential condition

of political unification is by no means so simple a matter and the King has yet a long way to go before he can rest contented with the prospects of the future, when he must hand on the torch to his heir-apparent. He has, indeed, achieved much in the desired direction. He has eliminated the Hijaz and 'Asir, the Shammar state and the northern principality of Jauf from the category of potential elements of disturbance in Arabia. In the north indeed his frontiers march firmly with those of British mandated territories and Ibn Sa'ud's relations with the British Government have always been both correct and cordial in spite of some natural disappointment at the much closer and more intimate links that exist between Great Britain and the rulers of the rival Sharifian dynasty in Iraq and Trans-Jordan. The position in the north is indeed sufficiently stable so long as Great Britain maintains her special position and interests in the territories in question that those territories are not likely in the predictable future to produce any cause of disturbance in Arabia proper. The same consideration applies to some extent to the small principality of Kuwait, which has suffered economically to a grievous extent owing to the simple fact of its continued separation for rather artificial political reasons from the vast Arabian hinterland which in its prosperous days it served as an emporium.

Elsewhere, however, round the vague frontiers of the Wahhabi realm of Sa'udi Arabia the peninsula is still very far from that homogeneity of political interests which may be regarded as an essential condition of Arabian prosperity. Along the Persian Gulf and the coast of the Indian Ocean as far as Aden and Perim the British Government maintains a chain of subsidised or semi-subsidised protected principalities in some sort of independence of the Arabian hinterland, extending inland into the desert almost, as it were, from the back-doors. This system is of course a relic of the old acquisitive days of Victorian imperialism and for the time being it suits

some purpose of British policy to maintain claims so staked out when Arabia itself was so divided internally as to be incapable of interesting itself seriously in the administration of such coastal settlements. But Wahhabi policy, without any thought of encroaching on the perquisites or prerogatives of Great Britain, cannot be expected to accept as final or permanent the divorce of such areas from its steadily expanding bed. And some day no doubt the insistence of Arab nationalism will develop a Monroe doctrine for Arabia as the struggling Kuomintang is trying to do for China, and, when that day comes, perhaps Great Britain will be prepared to make to an organised and proved Wahhabi State concessions similar to those she seems disposed to make on the coasts of the Far East. That day may be near or distant, and the prospect of its dawning will not deflect Ibn Sa'ud from his settled policy of maintaining with Great Britain the correct and cordial relations which make his contact with her in northern Arabia. Natural developments in the political world are more likely to smooth out such problems as exist on the coasts, if not indeed in the northern areas also, than any forward action on the part of the Wahhabis and, in any case, it has ever been a cardinal point in the policy of Ibn Sa'ud to avoid any kind of conflict with Great Britain. Thus in almost every direction he has either reached the natural maritime frontier of his realm (as along the Red Sea coast and a great part of the Persian Gulf littoral) or finds himself separated from it by a political barrier which under present conditions may be regarded as impenetrable.

An Experiment in Land Settlement

By G. C. Heseltine

THE hard commensense of the fact that men are better growing their own food on unused fertile land than being paid for doing nothing on costly imports of foreign food is becoming irresistible. Voluntary land settlement enterprises are making their own efforts all over the country. The Government is making its beggarly contribution to the work in its own inimitable dilatory way.

Some two years ago a group of men whose agricultural theories and idealism far outweighed their practical experience decided to make a start on such knowledge as they had, which, though theoretical, was not negligible. The group was intelligent, with optimism and pessimism about evenly distributed. On the whole the optimists prevailed; a start was made on utterly inadequate capital in the hope that the sight of something being done (instead of merely talked about) would attract more capital.

The aim was to establish a group of small family farms, large enough to support a man and his family yet small enough to avoid the necessity of employing much hired labour. Such hired labour as might be employed, if suitable, would be engaged independently in due course. Each farmer would mix his farming as much as possible, his object being to become self-subsistent as far as practicable, that is as far as the nature of his holding and his own capacity permitted. Since a number of holdings would be neighbours, the group could aim at self-subsistence, members supplying one another first and selling in outside markets afterwards.

The function of the organizing body in this scheme was to select suitable settlers (the most important and most difficult task); to provide them with holdings, equipment and stock on such terms that they could repay the capital sum expended over a period of years without a crippling interest burden; and to supplement experi-

ence, supervise and advise. On a basis of 3 per cent. interest repayment is made in thirty years at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, paid half yearly, and this is no more than a normal rental basis. It is the function of the parent body to act the benevolent landlord and, where inability to meet periodical payments is clearly not the fault of the settler, to allow postponement. The new farmer must be saved from mortgaging and borrowing at rates of interest which agriculture cannot bear. He is further assisted in this scheme by being able to hire the more expensive farm machinery cheaply, using the organization's central marketing facilities, and having credit for raw materials against his produce sold through the organization. In order to tide the settlers over the preliminary period, subsistence allowance was made on the basis of the unemployment insurance rates, on a reducing scale. As the settlers produce their own milk, eggs, vegetables, rabbits, bacon, etc., the allowance is reduced, and when they produce a saleable surplus beyond the cost of their raw materials, it is eliminated, and they receive the value of that surplus for their own household expenses.

It was a cardinal point of the scheme that the man who works his holding well shall have every facility for becoming a free owner of it as soon as he can, and in the meantime be given the fullest security of tenure. How to ensure this consistently with protecting the shareholder's interests in the case of a man who "goes wrong," and equally consistently with securing the settler in case the parent organization goes wrong, is a pretty problem.

Because the group of men who inaugurated this scheme were all co-religionists and the principles behind the scheme were those of Christian social philosophy, the scheme began with a religious basis. Further, this basis was consistent with the significant fact, which has been observed by many authorities on the subject, that most of the successful pioneer land settlement enterprises in history have had a religious basis.

A public-spirited man, not a co-religionist, heard of the scheme and considered it sound enough from a national and social point of view to start it moving with £5,000. An appeal was then made to co-religionists and money began to come in sufficiently well to encourage a start.

But religion of all varieties has suffered deterioration in these days and no sooner was the scheme launched than it was most bitterly attacked by co-religionists; pinchbeck theologians, who swarm with every religious activity, smelt heresies in the most innocent phrases of the scheme's propaganda. Some cried that we were sinking to the most wicked methods of big business because we registered as a co-operative society to give the organization a sound legal standing. Had we received ecclesiastical sanction? No? Then we were unfit to start farming. Would we (*sotto voce*) lend some of our wickedly raised capital to another land settlement effort by co-religionists? No? Then (*fortissimo*) we were a shady lot and (in the Press) the critics publicly disavowed any responsibility (which they could never have) for our financial liabilities! Criticism of the kind that would have been actionable in the City we had to suffer in silence from co-religionists to save scandal. Nevertheless, we raised enough to justify a bold start, though not by any means enough to see the scheme through even on a small scale. We proceeded in faith.

We decided against the common policy of three acres and a cow or five acres and a hennery because in these cases the smallholders are very much dependent on one product and cannot, except in rare instances, bring up a family of future farmers on such a holding. Our plan was "family" holdings of about 50 acres, on which a man could feed his own stock and employ and train a growing family of four or more children. Most of the groups of very small holdings are country slums in which the workers are living in beggarly dependence on local higglers and dealers and in debt to the banks and mort-

gagees. The more stable and forward-looking plan of operation naturally entails greater capital expenditure for each family, but it can take larger families and take them further. We might have let the smallholders knock up some rough sheds themselves, as critics suggested, but they would not have been passed by the authorities. As it was, we built good durable and efficient cowhouses and other outbuildings for about 12 per cent. less than the official figure for similar structures on smallholdings set up by local authorities.

"Squandering money!" cried the primitives who say that we should set men on the bare land and let them do everything for themselves and cut themselves utterly free of the wicked industrial system around them—scorn electricity, drainage, motor transport and the rest, and be your own craftsman, make your own boots and clothes, grind your own corn and make your own bread! We too wish to see a revival of craftsmanship, but we believe that the craftsmen depend on the farmers and when we have a group of prosperous small farmers they can support their local craftsmen. It is not only unpractical to overburden the individual with an excessive diversity of labour, it is as bad as the opposite extreme, the monotony of excessive simplification of labour in the factory. In practice we find that we can include a few small holdings of five acres or so with the larger holdings, especially since there is common marketing.

The group so far consists of three dairy holdings, one market-garden holding, and one small poultry holding, on which only breeding, incubation, and brooding is carried on by a specialist for the benefit of the other holdings, all of which run a large head of poultry stock. In addition to these holdings the group enabled a small farmer some fifty miles away to hold on to his holding, which he was in danger of losing through no fault of his own. Land settlement being the object of the group, keeping suitable men on the land is as important as bringing new men to it. There is still land available, and

men waiting to work on it, but the difficulty is to obtain the necessary capital to equip and stock this land. It is highly important that we should do so because the group is not big enough to maintain its organization. We were fully aware of this from the beginning, but we decided to start in faith as mentioned above. We were further handicapped in this respect by the fact that land which had been offered practically rent-free, was found to be a less generous offer than it looked, and we felt compelled to purchase—a course which, though temporarily embarrassing financially, in the long run makes possible the ideal of complete ownership for the man who works it. The worst aspect of this was that it forced us into a mortgage—a burden we were resolved to avoid—thus early in our career.

Another of our difficulties was the unavoidable loss of an able propaganda secretary who was raising capital fairly successfully. Then the committee, being somewhat nervous on the score of expenditure, did not appoint a successor. Another early mistake was failure to appoint a competent treasurer or accountant, so that although funds were carefully and usefully expended, a close periodical analysis of expenditure and progress was not possible. The defect has since been remedied, but accountancy costs have been high in consequence.

When the land was taken over it was almost derelict, none of it being under actual cultivation, and some of it having been uncultivated for anything up to ten years. Cleaning and draining the land were the first tasks. Most of the men bent themselves well to the work. The unsuitable men ought to have been ejected quite early for the good of the whole scheme. But a weakness of this type of association is that its committee tends to be too forbearing and too afraid of the damaging publicity any disgruntled persons might bring. Of the nature of the case, being started by a voluntary committee, in a keen hurry, the exact terms on which men were to work or obtain holdings were not on paper for some time. The

enterprise being rather experimental, practice was expected to modify theory as to conditions of work and tenure, and it did so quite early. Unsuitable men were not slow to defend themselves by taking advantage of the fact that any publicity for disputes would be bad for the organization and by "lobbying" influential persons interested in the scheme. However, all these difficulties were surmounted in turn and the holdings are now worked by men of the right type.

It is interesting to note that whilst most of the Land Settlement Schemes are designed to put the unemployed labourers of the industrial cities on the land, the more adaptable and more intelligent unemployed of the professional classes are rarely given a chance. In our scheme, most of the farmers are well-educated, two of farming stock, the others all having at least some previous experience of agriculture. Their chief handicap is that whilst they are doing well and are praised they tend to imagine the worst is over, after only a year and a half, whereas they cannot hope to be "on their feet," even with splendid progress, under the first two years. Another difficulty they present is that they tend to concern themselves with the organization as such, instead of confining their energies to their holdings.

This is a natural interest but a dangerous one until the scheme is paying its way, when the farmers may very well manage their own affairs through a local guild. Until the group is large a guild cannot manage marketing and purchasing economically because it cannot afford the proper staff. Where the group is small and the work voluntary, the work will almost invariably be neglected or badly done. Cooperation must be stably organized. In a small group it is made impossible if members attempt to snatch the higher short-seasonal prices, to the detriment of long period contracts at better average prices. Compulsion in the matter of co-operative marketing is resented by some of the best types as limiting personal initiative in the matter of buying and selling, the gain from which,

the individualist will argue, more than offsets the advantage of lower prices paid in bulk buying. And the smaller the group, the more force has this argument, since the advantages of large-scale purchase of raw materials and marketing of produce, are not fully felt. On the other hand, the smaller the group, the less the individual facilities and the greater the need of co-operation.

The progress made to date in this group is undoubtedly very good, in the opinion of Ministry of Agriculture and County Council officials and local farmers. Our chief dangers now are over-confidence (not a very serious one) ; exhaustion of working capital before the group is fully paying its way (this point has now been reached and is causing grave concern) ; and inability to make the group big enough to maintain its co-operative organization. The additional holdings required can be set up far more cheaply and speedily than the first few on the experience gained, and the establishment expenses are now behind us. Every new holding, in fact, should be cheaper than the last, reducing the average cost. The Government is providing £1 for every £2 raised from voluntary sources by the Land Settlement Association, with whose principles, as published, this enterprise is in exact accord. In view of this, the work here described ought not to be hampered or endangered for want of the remaining £5,000 needed to add three or four more family holdings to it. Moreover, in view of our experience and success to date, there is here a good training ground for some of the unemployed who are to be settled on the land under other schemes. For this scheme itself and its possible extensions all candidates for holdings will have to work on one of the existing holdings for a period to test their suitability. This is the only effective test, and it cannot be too often repeated that rigid selection of men is the crux of the matter.

A Saint by Chance

By Zaidee Eudora Green

"AND Christina the bad temper," declared Maria Francesca Rossetti, in announcing the qualities which she and her renowned brothers and sister had respectively inherited from Gabriele and Frances Polidori Rossetti. And the doting brother William admits that in her early childhood the little poetess was the most "fractious" of the group.

In his 1896 edition of his sister's poems William Rossetti explains in the note on "To My Mother on the Anniversary of Her Birth" that at the time of its composition Christina was a "wayward child, aged eleven years and a third," but, to our amusement, we find in his later edition of her collected works that the note reads simply, "She was then aged eleven years and a third." Mrs. Edward Burne-Jones discovered the adult Christina Rossetti to be "gently caustic of tongue," and so, apparently, did Christina's sister-in-law Lucy Rossetti, who found intolerable the sharing of a dwelling with William's sister.

That she was vain, a perusal of Christina's letters will convince us, and that she was resentful of the lovely face of Elizabeth Siddal which had supplanted her own as a model for her artist-brother, we discover from a variety of sources, not the least of which is her sonnet "In an Artist's Studio," which begins and ends:

One face looks out from all his canvases
Not as she is, but as she fills his dream.

In her childhood, Christina was inclined to laziness, William Rossetti confesses, and he admits that, although as an adult she wrote many nursery rhymes, she felt in her girlhood no affection for children. But having, as he believes, demonstrated his impartiality as biographer and critic by brief references to juvenile tantrums, to a natural disinclination for work, and to certain evidences of selfishness, and having commented briefly upon some

of the apparent defects in the early poems, he employs his pen in unstinted (though polite) eulogy of his sister's life and works. The child may have been somewhat healthily imperfect, but the young girl and the adult were not of this earth's stuff. "Beloved by me, admired, and I may say reverenced," this brother writes of her in the preface to his 1896 edition of her poems; and death was not needed to elevate his emotion to the stage of reverence.

However, it was not William Michael but Dante Gabriel Rossetti who first presented wings to Christina and placed in her hands the lily of which she chants. It is interesting to trace this progress to sainthood.

The young child was imperious, wilful, and self-centred, pampered and flattered by her grandfather Polidori, regularly exhibited by parents who took pride in her beauty and spirit. We see her at fourteen years of age sophisticated and somewhat humorous, as in "Forget Me Not":

"Forget me not, forget me not!"
The maiden once did say,
When to some far-off battlefield
Her lover sped away.
"Forget me not, forget me not!"
Says now the chamber-maid,
When the traveller on his journey
No more will be delayed.

During the next few years we find from the young girl's pen such titles as "Love Ephemeral," "The Martyr," "The Dying Man to his Betrothed," "The Dead Bride." The broken betrothal theme is her first love. Her ladies are blanched; her lines are dolorous. But all is conventional. Sixteen loves blighted romance, a touch of the Gothic; and Christina Rossetti was sixteen. She had been reading a little too much Maturin; she was hungering for expression. Nor did the Italian patriots who swarmed about her father's home possess adequate attraction for the emotional girl.

Her devotional poems of this period are equally conventional. Religion, with its symbols, the grave, with its trappings, were as romantic in her eyes as in those of the average thoughtful and artistic young person, but her vocabulary was even more than commonly narrow. Lilies and doves, lambs and cherubim fill the lines of her early devotional poems. There is scarcely an original thought in any of them; certainly, there is no evidence of yearning or of sincere spiritual unrest. The young girl was simply experimenting with various types of poetry.

Soon, however, Dante Gabriel Rossetti contemplated a picture—" The Girlhood of Mary Virgin "—and Christina was asked to serve as a model for the Virgin. Doubtless the young girl was flattered by the tribute thus paid to her delicacy of feature, her beauty of mien, and when her brother extended to her further invitations to serve as a model for characters in religious pictures (in the meantime having decided that it was almost impossible to use William in religious pictures because of his " malevolent expression ") we may be sure that Christina began to scrutinize herself in a new mirror, a mirror which was kept resplendent by the entreaties of other members of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood that she sit for their sacred pictures.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti had indicated by his selection of Christina for the Virgin (a selection dictated largely, we may assume, by the fact that she was conveniently at hand, since he chose his mother for Saint Ann in this same picture, and until he proved too difficult to deal with, William from time to time for the male characters in other representations of Biblical subjects) that he believed Christina's countenance saintly; and the other young men of the Brotherhood concurred in this opinion as in most of the others announced by Dante Rossetti.

So held she through her girlhood, as it were,
An angel-watered lily, that near God
Grows and is quiet.

Dante Rossetti wrote in the poem which serves as a companion to his first exhibited picture "The Girlhood of Mary Virgin." And shortly after this time we find his sister figuratively holding a lily in her hand, and we see her continue to clutch this flower of faith throughout the greater part of her life, dropping it altogether upon two occasions only, when there seemed some hope of substituting therefor her favourite flower—the rose. It is at this period of her life that her brothers speak of her as "remote," and comment upon her excessive politeness, William Michael warning her facetiously that her politeness would be the death of all of them. Christina, we may argue, was beginning to play the rôle of Virgin, to measure up to her brother's famous painting, to be what the young men of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, in their youth, would have her be.

And so when James Collinson spoke of love to Christina, she was in a quandary—not that she felt any real repugnance to the Catholic Church (inspired as she was by the Oxford Movement), but she must consider the attitude of the doting Brotherhood, which had conferred her sainthood upon her. The Brotherhood (and especially Dante Gabriel and William) would applaud her refusal to sacrifice her convictions (particularly since Collinson was the least popular member of the group); it would be inspired by a show of martyrdom. Thus we find Christina rejecting Collinson's offer of marriage on the ground of his religion, and no doubt feeling very sacrificial. But, lo! Collinson can be as chivalrous as Christina can be dutiful. He shakes off his old religion, comes around in the cloak of the Anglican faith, again presents his hand, and this time is accepted. But now it is Collinson's turn to carry the cross. He suddenly decides that he didn't mean to leave the Catholic fold, resigns Christina, and his membership in the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and enters a monastery, only to abandon it shortly thereafter to marry another woman.

From all that we can learn of Collinson, he seems to

have been scarcely deserving of Christina's tears (a sleepy sort of person whom the rest of the Brotherhood tormented by suggesting long walks), and hardly the sort of inspiration that one might expect to find for the exquisite lyrics which grew out of her relationship with him. Exquisite, however, as are these lyrics, they are hardly passionate. A certain amount of make-believe such as we find in her early lachrymal pieces, is characteristic of the songs born of the 1848-50 romance. But in the midst of the conventional and the artificial, we find in this group of early poems an occasional line or two suggestive of a philosophy utterly remote from the thought of the desolate woman of the Eighteen Sixties. When love fled her the second time passionate yearning and blank despair vied for possession of her soul. Sweet melancholy offered no solace at this time of life. Nor was she brave enough to build for herself a new philosophy

Haply I may remember,
and haply may forget.

is a young girl's utterance. Tinged with a bit of coquetry, it is an independent, a strong utterance, a self-confident one.

Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad

reflects the self-pity and the self-sacrifice so dear to the heart of youth. But even at twenty-six all delight in self-sacrifice has left the heart of Christina Rossetti. Self-pity fills it utterly :

I, only I,
Am changed and sad and cold,
while in my soul
The very fountain of delight is dry.
Downcast.
Up I stand like a blasted tree
Introspective.

At this period of her life there is no evidence of confidence in her own power, no trace of independence. She writes of a strong viking, " with eyes of dangerous grey," who kidnaps the intended bride of a timid man and she is obsessed with the idea of physical love among the angels. She has not had enough of life she cries : And in her loneliness she looks to heaven and prays :

Ah Love of God, which thine own Self hast given
To me most poor, and made me rich in love,
Brood over me with yearnings of a dove ;
Be Husband, Brother, closest Friend to me.

Not until 1860, when Charles Bagot Cayley suddenly began to look upon Christina Rossetti as something more than the daughter of his former teacher, did she, however, experience the full force of actual love. It is interesting to observe the strange and beautiful calm which fell upon her in the early days of her second romance. The old confidence in herself which she had felt in the days when the handsome Brotherhood had painted her returns. She clutches the lily conspicuously ; she is a saint again.

William Michael Rossetti is unwilling to say that when in 1862 his sister wrote the following verses she had herself in mind, but he does admit that " The expressions in this sonnet, if used by someone else, might have been not far from apposite to Christina herself." We believe, however, that here, as in practically everything else that she ever wrote, Christina Rossetti was contemplating herself. Certainly, she did not publish the following lines during her life :

Ten years ago it seemed impossible
That she should ever grow so calm as this,
With self-remembrance in her warmest kiss
And dim dried eyes like an exhausted well.
Slow-speaking when she has some fact to tell,
Silent with long-unbroken silences,
Centred in self yet not unpleased to please,

Gravely monotonous like a passing bell.
Mindful of drudging daily common things,
Patient at pastime, patient at her work,
Wearied perhaps but strenuous certainly.
Sometimes I fancy we may one day see
Her head shoot forth seven stars from where they lurk
And her eyes lightnings and her shoulders wings.

Two years after the composition of this sonnet (and four years after the budding of the new romance), we find Christina growing impatient. Will Cayley never propose? "A Sketch," half-whimsical and half-serious, reflects Christina's attitude toward Cayley in 1864:

The blindest buzzard that I know
Does not wear wings to spread and stir;
Nor does my special mole wear fur,
And grub among the roots below:
He sports a tail indeed, but then
It's to a coat: he's man with men:
His quill is cut to a pen.

In other points our friend's a mole,
A buzzard, beyond scope of speech.
He sees not what's within his reach,
Misreads the part, ignores the whole;
Misreads the part, so reads in vain,
Ignores the whole though patent plain,—
Misreads both parts again.

My blindest buzzard that I know,
My special mole, when will you see?
Oh no, you must not look at me,
There's nothing hid for me to show.
I might show facts as plain as day:
But since your eyes are blind,, you'd say,
"Where? What?" and turn away.

And, although William Rossetti assures us that Cayley did, after a while, propose to Christina, and suggests

that she rejected his suit on some vague religious ground, we are inclined to believe that it probably never occurred to Cayley, whom William Rossetti describes as "eminently impractical in habit of mind, and abstracted and wool-gathering in demeanour," to propose to Christina Rossetti. Perhaps Christina was right in predicting that if she should attempt to demonstrate to him her love he would say :

" Where ? What ? " and turn away.

In any event, William Rossetti tells us that the affair "except as a matter of feeling terminated toward the opening of 1867." And the "except as a matter of feeling" means that Christina Rossetti found no more peace on earth. In the lines which she wrote shortly before her death, "Sleeping at Last," we find the aged woman still dwelling upon the pangs of human love, still yearning for Cayley, who had departed life ten years earlier, still feeling thwarted.

We cannot agree with those who hold that Christina Rossetti failed to find in religion the peace which her sister had found because she was too humble, because she was too conscious of her own shortcomings. It would seem that religion was simply inadequate for Christina's needs, and that she had not that within herself from which to construct a substitute for conventional religion. Furthermore, she was romantically in love with her woes, and, most important of all, hers was an intensely passionate nature, capable, if she had not chosen to play the role of saint, of arousing a less fickle nature than Collinson's, an even more remote nature than Cayley's.

But the world never saw the woman. The passionate cries which the second love affair called forth were recorded and promptly locked in the author's desk, where they remained until her death. The world saw only the saint, canonized many years earlier by the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

Our Legal Jungle

By a Layman

ONE of the first principles of democracy, and one of the main differences between modern-democracies and modern autocracies, is that the law shall be the same for all men, irrespective of birth, wealth and other adventitious characteristics. This principle is generally accepted in England, and in English criminal law generally translated into practice. In English civil law, however, though the principle is there no less acceptable and the administration no less incoruptible, practice lags behind precept. For the cost of English civil law is so high, and its functioning so slow, that it inevitably gives an advantage to the rich man or to the man who can afford to bide his time (which in nine cases out of ten is the same thing).

Why this should be so is explained in part in the report just issued by the Royal Commission on the State of Business in the King's Bench Division. The Commission tells again the familiar tale of causes long delayed, and suggests, as remedy for the delay, the appointment of a sort of business manager of the courts who would secure " the economical and efficient use of Judge-power in the interest of litigants, witnesses, jurors and practitioners."

It is a good enough suggestion, as Royal Commissions' suggestions go ; and, as Royal Commissions' suggestions do, it will no doubt find its way in due course to the pigeon-holes of an inaccessible Government shelf. But, even if it were not to be shelved, even if—which is incredible in the present state of judicial opinion—it were to be acted upon at once, this suggestion would have no serious and certainly no permanent effect upon the congested and costly state of English civil law. The problem of English civil law is one requiring more drastic remedy than a rearrangement of time-tables. It is a problem whose roots lie in English principles and, still more, in English prejudices.

English civil law is, except in commercial cases, a mixture of English Statute and English case-law. That is to say that it is not, as is the law of France and Germany, founded on a preconceived code from whose general principles particular judgments may be derived; but that it is founded on particular cases from which general principles might be (but in fact are generally not) derived. Three chief arguments are advanced by the apologists of our system of law, (if it can properly be called a system). The first is that it ensures, in theory at least, that the law shall be a living thing, growing and changing with the growth and changes of the people it is destined to serve. The second is that it ensures that the law shall not be founded on airy abstractions, as is, for instance, the law of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, but on concrete, definite, human realities. The third, and most frequent, is that it ensures that justice shall not be administered according to a code which reflects the views of the party in office at the time of codification rather than the consensus of human opinion. The apologists forget that these advantages, real enough as they are, may be bought at high cost, and assume, without proof, that they are necessarily confined to our law and incompatible with codified law.

The first advantage claimed, of life and growth, is, I think, undeniable, and undeniably more certain in case-law than in codified law, the notorious conservatism of lawyers notwithstanding. But when we come to consider the jungle of cases and precedents and counter-precedents into which our system has led us and the complicated knowledge which is in consequence required to administer it, we may well wonder whether the advantage has been worth the cost. Especially may we wonder when we reflect that the system is in practice administered by unpaid magistrates who may have no legal training and whose intelligence, legal and otherwise, is of no proved standard. Unpaid administration of justice is not necessarily a desirable thing in

itself. But so long as we have unpaid administrators of justice, for so long will the advantages of our system be more than offset by its disadvantages.

The second advantage claimed for our law, that it ensures a foundation in human realities, is likewise undeniable. But it is an advantage that we have already obtained. We have had our cases, for some hundreds of years. We know the human realities that they represent. There can therefore be no serious objection to codification of them now. Any fear that the codifiers might be led off, into pursuit of such abstractions as captivated the lawmakers of the Soviet Union, may be discounted by the fact that we are by temperament a more solidly practical people than are the Russians.

As for the third advantage claimed, it is unreal in any country where all men are agreed as to the elementary principles of human justice. Does any reasonable man really believe that a code of civil law elaborated by a Socialist Government would be substantially different from a code elaborated by a Conservative or a Liberal Government? The question has only to be frankly asked for it to be seen how ridiculous is the assumption underlying it? Does any reasonable man believe that the codified civil law of France is in the main less just than the civil law of England? Again, the question has only to be asked for its ridiculousness to be exposed.

Codification of English law is an urgent necessity. Such codification has already been applied to commercial law by the Bills of Exchange Act of 1882. It should be applied without delay to the law of contract, of landlord and tenant, of evidence, and of a dozen other kinds. It would result in simplification, and, as a necessary consequence, in acceleration of justice and reduction of the cost of justice.

That is the first necessary step. Other and complementary steps are needed. One is reduction of legal charges; another the provision of more judges; a third

the reduction of our present complicated methods of appointment to the judiciary to a logical system.

There is claimed for high legal charges, as there is claimed for case-law, a certain practical advantage, in that it causes people to refrain from going to law about disputes which are more properly and more expeditiously settled by private negotiation. As in the matter of case-law, the claim is largely fallacious. The cost of litigation does not, as any Indian judge will admit, restrain would-be-litigants. The English are not a litigious people, as the argument presupposes. If they were, means for the restraint of merely vexatious litigation have already been provided. The only positive effect of the cost of litigation in England is to put a premium on what is substantially blackmail. Every public and semi-public body in London has suffered from the kind of claimant whose claim has little real substance but whom it would be more costly to fight than to buy off.

There is everything to be said for a reduction in the cost of the law. There cannot, however, be any reduction while we continue to maintain our civil courts out of the fees paid by litigants. Here the State must step in and do its part. That would mean that Parliament would have to vote each year the sum necessary for the administration of justice, and any proposal of this kind is met at once with the objection that it would lead to political influence over the judiciary. The objection is in theory real, in practice illusory. No Parliament except a predominantly Communist or Fascist Parliament—and a predominantly Communist or Fascist Parliament would imply such a revolutionary change in the temper of the British people that legal changes would inevitably follow—would dare to withhold supplies for the administration of justice; and the voting of supplies need not, and should not, be accompanied by a change in the present system, whereby judges are irremovable. As for political influence in

the appointment of judges and lesser legal officials, it is already there. The judges of England fulfil the duties of their office without fear or favour and are a model to the world. But could it be maintained that political faith is entirely disregarded in judicial appointments so long as judges of the High Court are appointed by the Prime Minister, others by the Lord Chancellor, and stipendiary magistrates by the Home Secretary?

The safeguard against abuse is not in the method of appointment to, but in the security of tenure of office, and the method of appointment might be amended without the safeguard being forgone. Far from being forgone, indeed, the safeguard might thereby be increased. There would be substantial gain, for example, in the creation of a judicial profession whose members would begin in the lower courts and rise, as they gained experience, to the higher. These members would gradually displace the judges recruited from the Bar. We should thereby be spared the spectacle of men who had given the best of their strength to advocacy (to which they were more fitted) carrying on long after they should have retired. To pretend that the Bench would then not attract the talent it attracts today is absurd. No one could claim that the higher ranks of the Civil Service, whose salaries compare very unfavourably with a judge's £5,000 a year, are less talented in their spheres than are judges in theirs. And the legal world exacts no higher standard of intelligence than do other professional worlds.

By the creation of a judicial profession, under the control of a single office (which might be the Lord Chancellor's), the administration of English justice might be simplified and its cost thereby reduced. With the aid of codification of the law, an increase in the judicial personnel, and State aid in the cost of legal administration, that creation would bring us much nearer than we are now to the ideal of equal justice for all men in civil as well as in criminal law.

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The Way of the Sea

By Agnes Maxwell Hall

AN Island of the Spanish seas, she lay at Eighteen North, floating like a summer iceberg in a warm ultramarine sea, beautiful enough to be a mirage.

Sanford, pilot, one of three negroes in a swaying row-boat, lay off, awaiting the steamer London, liner of the Southern Fruit Company, as she came through the Windward Passage on her seasonal trip. The London slowed down to take on the pilot, and the passengers lined the rail to watch the harbour and the pilot. The unpainted boat drifted nearer, the pilot caught and swung expertly up the rope ladder, and the boat dropped astern. The engine-room bells rang, the engines pulsed again, and the magnificent white liner swung in a point as she headed for harbour.

Sanford saw the Island as Columbus first saw her at dawn in the New World, and for her unbelievable beauty he had named her Santa Gloria—pale blue in a deep sea, rising to eight thousand feet from her starry pale-fringed shore.

The passengers at the rail watched the scene amusedly. Two negroes rowed the boat, they looked up and laughed, and waved, shouting farewell to Sanford, showing their dazzling white teeth. The light was shining right into their great scarlet mouths, and they laughed uproariously, as if the joke were on them, the joke of a long sweltering pull back to Santa Gloria on a blazing tropical morning.

The heat was oppressive, for the trade winds were not blowing strongly yet. The heat gave weight to anything lifted, a damp salty heat that sucked the glue from anything glued, ate iron visibly, and left mouldy fingerprints on leather. Brass and mahogany, like a ship's cabin, were the only things that would withstand it, as the settlers of Santa Gloria had found out.

Sanford, once aboard, took over the London. He swung her head-on for a spit of sand that ran out into the mottled bay.

"God Almighty! D'you want to ground her?" said the Chief, indignantly. According to his chart, Sanford would be running over dry land in another minute.

"De sea eat off dat point, sah!" said old Sanford, grinning from ear to ear. He thought it was a lovely joke.

"It eat off from de las' storm. De Ole Man shoal is building up, dat's rock-stone, but de headlan' is eat clear off. De sea will take de whole village of Rio Negro yonder, if yo' give her time. I born dere, an' I know!"

The liner ran easily over what was apparently a spit of land, then Sanford steered by a sharp blue peak and a row of bamboo fishing poles, and came into the harbour, where he would pick up the quarantine officer. At present the liner lay out in the harbour, but the big deep-water pier was under construction, and by next year would be in use.

Sanford was a little wrinkled negro, his face was like a black shiny prune. He had some white fuzz on his head, and over this fuzz a nautical cap was pulled, and he wore a frayed dark blue flannel shirt, and dungaree trousers. He was bare-footed, with splayed sinewy feet. His hands were long and thin, with a powerful long bent-back thumb. He was lithe and spare, in spite of his sixty-five years.

He pointed out the village of Rio Negro to the Chief, a smart officer in stiff white linen, the collar on his tunic so tight that it creaked when he turned to look at the village. It was a small group of ragged thatched huts under cocoanut trees, with fishing nets strung in front. Close by a sluggish dark stream drained out of the mangrove swamps into the sea, leaving a dark streak in the blue water.

"As a boy I live dere," Sanford said to the Chief. He thought of it briefly.

He thought of the stiff salt nets and the dug-out canoes of his boyhood, and the setting out of the lobster-traps, woven of a certain reed, and baited with vicious

prickly sea-urchins. The small clawless lobsters that they trapped sold for good prices at the ramshackle hotel on the hill.

He was a boy again, paddling down to the lobster grounds, and dumping the traps marked with his own floats. And coming back to the village he would be with the wind, and would lie full length in the dug-out, holding up a single cocoanut palm branch, and he would fly with the wind over the mottled bay to his bleached beach and the salty huts.

"But de sea eat off dat beach, sah!" he said to the Chief. "De shape of de Island is from de wash of de Gulf Stream. An' de sea eat off de main road, an' de cemetery too, de bones out of de graves all take away——"

When still a lad, Sanford's father had had to abandon the hut too, and build one in the black soil of the yam patch across the road. That ended Sanford's home life. When he could not live on the sand, and feel the salt air blow on his face, he left home. For a while he had worked in a neighbouring fishing village, on a long shallow beach, where he could wade out for half a mile and peg out the lobster traps—a beautiful naked dark bronze figure, carrying a pale yellow bamboo lobster trap, wading in a still salt blue sea.

Then he had shipped on a small vessel, that plied up and down the coast, carrying oil, hoes, canned goods and calico, and fetching log-wood, cocoanuts, raw sugar and allspice to the port of Santa Gloria to ship abroad. Stevedore, sailor, petty-officer and captain, he had occupied every berth—a rough hard life. And then a pilot, appointed by his Britannic Majesty himself. Sanford knew every inch of the coast of Santa Gloria. He had never wanted to leave it. Others had shipped for Galveston or New Orleans, and had never come back. The seas of Santa Gloria were enough for him. He knew and loved them. He knew where the coral reefs were forming, where the sandy strips were washing away, he

knew where the oysters hung on the mangroves, and at low tide were left out of the water as if they grew on trees. He knew where not to swim because of the savage barracuda, and which harbours barred the way to sharks, and which did not.

He sighed heavily.

"Dis is my last voyage, sah!" he said to the Chief. "De Guv'nor, sah, he retire all de men at sixty, an' I beg him fo' five years mo'—I was young and strong at sixty—an' he give it me, but now de time, sah, it up, an' I must go."

His black eyes were dim with tears.

"What'll you do then, Sanford?"

"I have a woman an' a cottage to go to, sah, an' de Guv'nor grant me a pension," said Sanford, sadly. "But it not de same. How to live on a hillside now!"

When he had been granted his pilot's licence, he had looked for a house to house his papers, and a woman to mind them. His precious licence could not be knocking around in dirty shirt pockets, or in filthy rooms on the water front to be eaten by the huge ships' roaches, or the gigantic water rats with phosphorescent eyes.

Liza had been his woman all these years, he intended to marry her some day, in the haphazard fashion of the Islands. She owned a small cabin, and a patch of land in the hills above the harbour, too far from the sea to suit Sanford. As father of her two children, he was bound by law to pay her a few shillings a week for their keep, and this arrangement was an admirable one. She thus had a certain fixed income, and owned the cabin that she had inherited from her own parents. Sanford visited her occasionally.

The cabin was idyllic, a neat white-washed plaster house on a steep hill-side, under a shady breadfruit tree. There was a huge porous Spanish jar to catch rain water from the roof, and arranged in neat little patches was a vegetable "ground." The sea lay far below like a pale blue strip of water across the world, too far to experience

its sound and motion. What had Sanford to do with such earthy things as plantation work? He was a pilot. He ignored the farm work, and Liza wisely let him come and go as he liked, and did the work herself.

Liza was a big mulatto woman with coarse features and large brown freckles. She owned a straw hat that she wore when she went to town, also a pair of shoes, and she rode on a mule. She differed from the common negro women, who swung down the stony hill barefooted, their heads tied in checked bandannas, with heavy loads atop. Liza deplored the fact that Sanford would not wear boots. It was not respectable that one of his Majesty's pilots should go bare-footed like a common labourer.

"Boots burn me foots—" he said, briefly.

Women were nonsensical. He had no language for the climbing of a rope ladder dangling from the precipitous side of a white liner into a pitching row-boat, and he could not have told of the feel of a swaying deck beneath naked feet, but he knew that he did not need boots.

He sometimes spoke vaguely of a house near the sea.

"Put yo' papers in *dis* house," said Liza, with finality. "Dis house is good 'nuff fo' both of us. I'm not gwine to leave dis house with a good ground fo' a fisherman hut."

So Sanford paid for the upkeep of the house, and supported the children until they grew up and went away to Cuba to make a living. And the easy arrangement went on. He was seldom at the house, more often he slept in a sailor's room on the water front, to be in sight and sound of the sea.

"I is no dirt-digger!" he muttered, as he painfully climbed down the stony hill after a visit to the house. The long wet grass and huge dripping leaves were damp, and gave him a touch of rheumatism, and made him cough.

* * *

Bringing in the liner London was Sanford's last trick.

He was retired then, and it meant living with Liza at the house. His pay was cut to a small pension, and he could not afford the room at the water front now.

In a year he became very old and rheumatic, limping down the hillside to the docks, where he hung around, talking, telling of his experiences, and he became a picturesque and rather tiresome old figure of the docks.

Liza was furious with him. Now, she had a practically penniless old man on her hands with all his dignity and his importance, and things were not as they had been. He treated her solemnly, but rather as his inferior. How could she be expected to understand the importance of being a pilot? And it was her house, so she quarrelled with him.

"Yo' is not gwine to de harbour to-day, yo' hear?" she said. "De roof wrench with de wind in de night. Yo' better stay here once, and tek care of de house dat yo' live in."

"Dis is a gale, Liza. Mus' go to de harbour. De London is due to-morrow—dat was my las' ship," he said.

"Yo' is a worthless nigger," she answered him, furiously. "Wha' can yo' do 'bout de gale? Yo' is a fool nigger—dat's all."

Sanford left the house without saying any more. She never cooked him any food that day, and on his return the old man went to bed supperless. But next day he went to the harbour just the same, coughing heavily.

He did not like the look of things. The weather was ominous. He had been through Caribbean hurricanes before, handling ships in the teeth of a sixty mile gale, riding out the hurricane at sea, or running ahead to anchorage. He could remember the great hurricane of 1876. He had been a boy of ten years old then. The wind had nearly blown Santa Gloria off the chart. Houses were blown away, trees uprooted, and the naked bodies of drowned victims were hung up in the leafless branches

of trees. Government House had been destroyed, the Governor had ducked into his hurricane cellar, and Sanford remembered how his father had fished Government House Sheffield plate out of the horse pond.

Now the air was tense with a heavy oppression, the barometer was falling steadily — 29.78 — 29.42 — 29.00. Sanford went to the Weather Bureau to watch it. The chief was away on sick leave, and the assistant, a slightly coloured young man, was in charge. He was beginning to worry.

Storm warnings were issued. Red square notices were posted at every little post-office throughout the island. Those who could not read understood the colour and shape of the warning, and inquired for information. Shipping came in hurriedly, fruit was cut and stored, and houses were barricaded.

The silence and tension were ominous. A greenish light was in the sky. The terrific heat of the last few days caused the belt of air over the Caribbean to rise too rapidly, the cooler air rushed in from the nothern zone with a rotary motion, began to whirl, and the hurricane, a mile in diameter, formed, moved off, dragging the winds and clouds with it, the currents of air whirling at hurricane force round the calm centre.

Heavy rain began to fall, the wind got gusty, increasing in force. The sea turned black, and was specked with white foam, blowing off horizontally. Telegraphic observations were exchanged between the islands, as long as the telegraph wires leading to the cable stations were up. The larger islands had radio stations. The observations placed the centre of the storm over the Galinos Islands, travelling north-west, gathering speed and intensity.

The assistant of the Weather Bureau had out his charts, jotted down the barometric readings, and drew little red circles marking the path of the storm. Sanford was invited into the office at the Bureau. The assistant needed moral support, and Sanford understood the danger if anyone ever did.

"It's a wopper!" said the assistant, jumping up nervously to answer the telephone. "And of course the old man has to be in the States!"

Sanford squinted wisely at the barometer.

"Twenty-eight six!" He shook his head, and put his dried black finger on the red circle over the island of Santa Maria in the Galinos group.

The rain blew in gusts, the wind began to moan and roar, and to tug at the jalousie shutters. The palm trees lay over from the wind, their tossed branches streaming out like the hair of frenzied maenads. In an hour everything was blotted out by rain, and shingles, palm branches, and shutters flew through the air.

And then the London spoke. She radioed for observations, she was caught in the storm a few hours off Santa Gloria. Should she ride out the storm, or race into port? How long would the storm last? Her cargo was shifting. A dripping messenger in oil-skins brought the message from the radio station to the Bureau, hanging on to the corners of houses as he came. One by one the islands were silenced—wires down.

The assistant read the London's message.

"I haven't the right data now to say when the storm'll be over, or where she'll go," he said, worried.

"Where las'?" demanded Sanford.

"North of Santa Maria, at the mouth of the Galinos Passage."

"Den she'll hit dis island all right. Dat I know. De centre will pass slap over us. If de storm ever hits de Passage, den it comes right on to dis island, as if it pour out from a funnel. I never see it fail in sixty year! Tell de London to run fo' port, an' quick. She'll get de calm centre."

The assistant scribbled the message, and then hesitated. He re-read the barometer.

"Twenty-eight—no, twenty-seven nine."

He gave the latitude and longitude of the storm centre, bar, wind and cloud observations, and added:

" Centre will pass over you. Run for port."

He signed the message, hesitated, and crumpled it and threw it on the floor.

" I can't send it ! I haven't enough information to send a radio like that. If the centre *doesn't* pass over her, my God, she'll be smashed on the shoals coming in. And it'll mean my job."

He rushed to the telephone which rang sharply. His voice could not be heard in the roar of the wind.

Sanford swooped on to the message, picked it up off the floor, smoothed it, went to the outer room, and handed it to the messenger.

" Quick, boy ! Take dis message to the station, an' sen' it off. An' better crawl on de ground, or yo'll be blown off de island ! "

The boy departed in a gust of wind.

" I know de storms ! " muttered old Sanford.

The assistant was trying to get central vainly.

" Gone out—cut off ! " he said. " Well, nothing more—our own wire's down."

Presently the wind dropped a little, and the rain let up. A pale sun came out, and the barometer began to rise. The calm centre of the storm was passing over Santa Gloria.

Picking up the radio message, the London got up full steam and raced for port in the calm, which lasted for about two hours. As she entered the port, past the shoals, and began to make the pier, the storm broke from the other quarter with doubled fury.

But the London was safe. Trees flew through the air, ships dragged their anchors, ran foul of each other and foundered. A schooner was lifted by the terrific seas, and stranded in the Spanish Square, and lay helpless, at an angle of forty-five degrees, with her stern staved in, floundering in a garden of spotted crotons, an eighth of a mile from the sea.

The radio man from the London clawed his way into the Weather Bureau to swap stories.

"Lord, that was a close call!" he said. "The cargo was all over the place, and if you could have seen the list we developed! You saved the day for us."

"How?" asked the assistant.

"Why your message to run in, of course. If we'd not started just when we did, with everything she had, we'd have all been on the shoals."

"I never sent you any message—" began the assistant. Then he looked at Sanford, who lowered his eyes, guiltily.

"Sure," said the assistant, quickly, "the London message. It was the only thing to do."

"You should see the town," the radio man went on gleefully. "The top is off the court house, and a fool schooner is in the square, and the Chinese groceries are all packed in two feet of sea water at the pier."

Sanford did not think it was funny. He put on his oil-skins, and started for home. He had not thought about his home until now. He picked his way over fallen trees and branches, and broken places in the road. The house stood safely, protected by a higher range of hills. It had a bare look, all the leaves were off the trees, two huge breadfruit leaves were plastered wetly against the side of the house, and some shingles were missing. The yam poles were flat on the ground, and their edible roots were washed right out of the ground. Liza was not there.

Sanford went into the house, wet, cold, and tired; he lay down under their one torn blanket, and shivered. He was soon in a high fever. Liza, returning, found him there, groaning.

"So, nigger, yo' just leave me to perish, is dat it? I run clear to de next house in all de rain, with fright. An' dere is no more food left. An' no fire to cook it—everything is wet up; what to do nex'?"

She went over and looked at him.

"An' yo' is sick, yo' see? It is a judgment—dat's all."

His fevered fingers plucked at the blanket, he muttered to himself. Next day she got him some goat's milk, and the neighbours brought him some rather greasy soup. But he could not eat.

"He burn up with fever—better send fo' de doctor," they said.

But the doctor could not come so far over those roads, blocked as they were, and there was so much sickness in town, anyway. So Sanford lay at the point of death. Liza took it calmly.

"He is ole," she said. "A time him dead now. Wha' can I do?"

He had his last lucid moment at dusk next day. He sat up in bed, and pointed an accusing finger at her.

"Woman, lissen to me. Yo' is to bury me out in de sea, wid de papers, yo' hear me?"

"Lie down, lie down," she said. "Don't talk 'bout dead befo' yo' is dead."

He lapsed into unconsciousness, and died at dawn.

Liza knew that he was going to die, so she had a nice coffin ready for him, made by her neighbour, who was a carpenter by trade. The coffin wasn't made of cedar, but of a native wood, not too expensive. She had a good funeral for him. Men carried him all the way down the hill to the cemetery, and she hired a rackety old thin horse and a buggy to drive behind him. It lent dignity, even if the harness and buggy were tied with string at strategic points, and if the old horse limped slightly. She knew nothing about burial at sea, that was all foolishness. So she buried him in the little cemetery where her own people had been buried, for his people had been buried in their native village at the other end of the island, and it was too expensive to send a worn-out old dead man there. She didn't exactly bury him with her people, but a little to one side, and the negro minister buried him. It was all very dignified, and Liza was sorry that she forgot the papers.

* * *

It happened about a year later, when a far-away passing storm brought not much rain, but cold drizzly weather, and high on-shore wind, with mountainous seas. In the night the sea carried away most of the southern beach of the island, and took great chunks out of the new main road, and ate farther into the cemetery. It did not affect any of the thick clumsy trees growing in the graveyard, with their fine leaves, trees that rained a steady drip of washed scarlet blossoms on to the grassy graves below, but the sea took away several forgotten graves.

Sanford had been buried a little apart, because he did not quite belong there, and the sea gently, inexorably, laid her hands upon his grave. She crumbled the

THE CANCER PROBLEM

To the average man who is not a statistician it means little or nothing to be told that cancer mortality claims 0·15% of the total population of the country every year. It comes a little nearer home when it is explained that this percentage means that 61,572 people die of cancer every year in England and Wales alone.

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There is no room for reasonable doubt that the discovery of the cause and cure of cancer will come—but it won't come as a flash of inspiration in a moment. It will come as the result of long continued, laborious and exacting work such as is carried on at the Research Institute of the Cancer Hospital. Please send a Gift to the Earl of Granard.

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earth away, washed it out patiently, tugged at and undermined the coarse stiff grass, and whispered to Sanford, until his old bones stirred uneasily. It was too dark to see much, but she reached for him with her myriad hands. His bones came to her quite clean, a grotesque frame on which the mysterious web of flesh was once stretched. They were a little earthy, perhaps, but she gently washed the earth stains away. The frightful period of decomposition had been swift, with the multitude of mouths that rich tropical soil hides to help it, and the cheap coffin rotted fast.

So she took him back again, for he had always been hers. And he went gladly to her, and laid his blind bony face on her deep bosom at last, the bosom of his Mother and Mistress.

Thanksgiving

Despite its effectiveness, mustard gas proved a casualty-causing rather than a killing weapon.—ARTICLE ON POISON GAS.

WELL, isn't that a comfort
For man and child and beast,
To think we shall not perish—
Not all at once, at least!

We may be walking blisters
That slowly burn to death,
But while there's life the hospital
Will watch us wheeze for breath.

We may, of course, be blinded,
With coals instead of eyes.
But could we hear if we were dead
Each other's happy cries?

Or, lying there in bandages,
With lungs that won't stop spilling,
Babble with tearful gratitude
"Thank God, it was not killing!"

W. A. RATHKEY.

The Padded Cell

From the Diary of Tom O'Bedlam

"WHAT we want over here, Bedlam, are Supreme Courts," said Mr. Biff the other evening over the 'phone, plunging, as is his way, *in medias res.*

"Supreme Courts?" I queried.

"Supreme Courts. Roosevelt starts something big—say, a canal from New York to 'Frisco, wide enough to let a couple of dozen Atlantic liners steam abreast across the American Continent. He fixes a ten billion dollar loan, puts a million men on the job, kicks off with a broadcast blessing, and forgets all about it. Next thing he knows, the Supreme Courts have ruled the scheme out. They tell him there's no provision for trans-continental canals in the American Constitution, and that what was good enough for Christopher Columbus and Abe Lincoln is good enough for them, and if he doesn't like it, he can do the other thing. Fine, eh?"

"But, Biff, it's so *disheartening.* I don't pretend to....."

"You bet it's disheartening. Listen to me. We need a check of that kind over here. Our British constitution mayn't be as clear-cut as the American, but that works both ways, and I'll bet there are enough laws tucked away in odd corners to wreck a dozen governments. I've put half a dozen picked men on the job—Varsity scholars, the lot of 'em—and their first reports are just in. What's 'scutage,' Bedlam?"

"I am afraid I must confess....."

"Well, anyway, Magna Carta says it can't be imposed except by common counsel of our kingdom. That's the exact wording—'common counsel of our kingdom.' I'll have scutage looked into, and if the Government have been monkeying about with it, they'll be sorry. What's a 'bailiwick,' Bedlam?"

"I should imagine that a bailiwick must have some connection with a bailiff. If you could give me the

context....."

"Let it go. What's a 'wapentake,' Bedlam?"

"There you have me."

"Well, anyway, you watch out for the *Daily Dawn* a week from now. That's my advice to you. Good evening."

Pilgrim Class

"ALWAYS the half measure, Bedlam! Always the half measure!"

It was the resonant voice of Gaston Bagge. If I may draw a distinction between Mr. Biff and Gaston Bagge as telephonists, I should say that, whereas the proprietor of the *Daily Dawn* always plunges *in medias res*, the editor of the *Examiner* seems always to surge up *ex mediis rebus*, as though throwing from his shoulders the incubus of human stupidity and obstructiveness.

"You've been following this conference of the North Atlantic Steamship Companies, Bedlam, and you've seen that henceforth first, second and third class are to be known as, respectively, cabin, tourist, and third. Well?"

"Well?"

"Be pre-war, assert the old distinctions and damn the consequences. Label your rich man first class, your professional man second class, your poor man third class, steerage, what you will. That is one alternative. Or be post-war, be modern, be constructive, and give them labels which each man may interpret as he pleases. But, for pity's sake, don't blow hot and cold with the same breath. If the first class is to be cabin, and the second class is to be tourist, let the third be anything, *anything*, only NOT third class."

"I see your point, and it's a good one."

"I am calling on the Companies to meet again—at once. It is not too late. They have gone down the wrong road, but they can still retrace their steps."

"Have you any suggestion yourself as to what they might call the third class?"

"Yes. I have just been in conference with my friends and colleagues on the *Examiner*; and my daughter Jenny, who has an instinct in these matters, thinks that the persons who travel third class would appreciate it greatly if they were known as pilgrims. I don't know if it's parental pride on my part which inclines me to this suggestion....."

"But it's charming, Bagge! Quite charming!"

"You mean that?"

"I do indeed!"

"Then pilgrim it shall be!"

The Wrong Approach

THINGS are not, I fear, going too well with Jack Leslie at present. He looked in this evening to tell me that George Washington's mother had, as he put it, "blown a fuse out."

"Father Washington," he explained, collapsing into an armchair, "married twice—six children or thereabouts by each wife, with George as Number One in the second platoon. So much for antique charm and fragrant serenity in old-world Virginia! A parcel of Brigham Youngs!"

He sunk into a moody silence. To break it I asked if any other idea for a best-seller had come to him. Ignoring my question, he said:

"I suppose your particular Calvary is waking up in the middle of the night and realising that you omitted to eat yourself to a standstill at dinner. I imagine it would be news to you that most people spend their time trying to dodge a curious complaint known as Day Starvation."

"My particular Cal—"

"Don't interrupt. I am not precisely in the mood to hear about the special troubles which afflict persons

with large private incomes."

"I am not a wealthy man," I replied sharply, for his manner was getting on my nerves. "And, in any case, money isn't everything."

"It's a good deal."

"That I grant."

"Thanks. I'm beginning to interest myself in the right approach for a loan. Chair uncomfortable?"

"Not at all."

"Good. I had a surprise the other day. A fellow stopped me in the street. Usual type. I was a bit on edge, and cut him short with—'The same old story, I suppose? Sick wife and starving children.'

"'Not a bit of it, sir,' he replied cheerily. 'The wife's as fit as you are, and she and the kids live like fighting cocks. If they wos content to starve, I wouldn't be troubling you.' Of course, after that, I had to part. You don't seem amused, Bedlam."

"Undoubtedly most ingenious," I answered; "but I confess....."

"You disapprove of sporadic doles? Not the right method to deal with the canker of unemployment?"

"Precisely."

"If you followed your own instinct, you'd give to everyone who asked you?"

"Certainly."

"But you don't follow your own instinct?"

"Certainly not."

"Ah!"

There was a long silence which, in the circumstances, I did not feel it incumbent upon myself to break.

"Like to lend me a tenner on account?" he asked suddenly.

"On account of what?" I queried.

"On account of my landlord. He could do with it."

I laughed heartily.

There was another silence, during which Leslie filled his cigarette case from an open box. "Well," he said at last, "I may as well be moving."

Literary Notes

By Criticus

I USED to think that the problem of literary overproduction was a purely Anglo-Saxon problem, due to the possibilities of profit—remote possibilities, perhaps, but possibilities still—which the immense number of literate English-speaking people in the world offers to the enterprising publisher. I was wrong. As some recent foreign comments have shown, the problem is preoccupying the comparatively small and comparatively illiterate people no less than the Anglo-Saxon. Typical of these comments is an assertion by Don José Ortega y Gasset that "the book has ceased to be an illusion and has become a burden."

"If," Señor Ortega believes, "each generation accumulates printed material at the rate of recent ones, the culture which liberated man from the jungle will thrust him anew into a jungle of books. Not only are there too many books, but they continue to be produced in torrential abundance. Many are useless or stupid, constituting one more burden upon humanity. At the same time, in all branches, some valuable findings are not published."

No one who is in close touch with British publishing (as I am not, but as many of my friends are) could deny that books "continue to be produced in torrential abundance." Nor could any one deny that many of the books published are "useless and stupid," even granted that there is no universally accepted criterion of utility and intelligence. But "many" is a relative term. If the book industry—a horrible term, but an inevitable term when the production of books has been so swollen—were to be compared with any other industry, which is the only fair comparison, I think it would be found that its bad products were relatively much fewer. That, indeed, seems to me to be the cause for dismay; not that so many bad books are published, but that so many good books published are perforce passed by unnoticed. The average novel written today is of very high literary

standard. Yet, arriving at the office of a newspaper or reviewer along with a dozen other novels—and this dozen every day, not once a week—its chances of being brought to public notice are no more than one in twelve unless it is in some way specially recommended.

Book Societies are not a remedy

WHAT remedy there can be for this situation it is not easy to see. One remedy that has been tried is the various book societies, books of the month, and so on, of England and America. It cannot, in England at any rate, be honestly said to have been a success. A book society, being a commercial enterprise, must inevitably tend to select, not necessarily the books which are the best available of their kind, but the books which have the simplest, and therefore sometimes also the cheapest, appeal to the greatest number of people. Book-of-the-month reviewers, being human beings who are dependent on public approval for their jobs, tend likewise to take the lowest common denominator. Both book societies and book-of-the-month reviewers tend to encourage the writing of books intended especially to appeal to them. Both tend to create a kind of literary semi-dictatorship which has not the compensating merit, sometimes (though, as I think, falsely) claimed for political dictatorships, that they are not dependent on the popular whim.

There is, to the best of my knowledge, little corruption in this book society and book-of-the-month system. But it tends at the best towards stagnation in literature, and at the worst to a progressive lowering of public taste until the point is reached where there is a reaction against the system.

That point, fortunately, has already been reached in England. But in reacting from the system, English readers have, unfortunately, nothing to react to. Few of them have the time to go carefully through the back pages of *The Times Literary Supplement* in order to

find something about every book that has been published and make their choice accordingly. Fewer still have the time to look through every book in Mudie's or The Times Book Club. They are reduced to finding some sort of guidance in the reviews of books that are published in the daily, weekly, or monthly press.

There are enough of these reviews, in all conscience. But the trouble here is that the reviewers, like the book-of-the-month reviewers, are human beings. They are subject to the same economic laws. They have personal friendships and personal enmities. Often they are themselves authors and may some day be reviewed by the men whose work they are now reviewing. Whether they wish it or not, they cannot, under their own names, be hypercritical of a book by a man with whom they have just been dining, nor over-friendly towards a book by a man with whom they have just been bickering at a cocktail party. They cannot be expected to forget the fate of one of their number, who was told that if he persisted in being critical he would lose his job; persisted; and lost his job. As a result we have the spectacle of what Mr. G. W. Stonier once described as "Mr. Gollancz's novelists on heat, calling to each other like jungle-cats across the great open spaces of *The Observer*."

The Virtues of Anonymity

IT is a lamentable spectacle, especially lamentable because it is only by means of a return to honesty in reviewing that we may ever expect to obtain provision of an adequate guide to reading for a people which is only too anxious to read, but deterred by the mass of so-called masterpieces with which it is confronted every week. Such a return to honesty is not impossible. Dishonesty in reviewing is a post-war growth. All that is needed is a little self-sacrifice on the part of publishers and reviewers. Publishers might sacrifice the immediate gain they receive from quotation of a re-

viewer's sentence (and distortion of his sense) for the sake of the ultimate gain that would come to them if the public could believe that the sense of reviews was not always distorted by publishers. Reviewers might sacrifice, not their friends (which would be asking too much) but their vanity (which cannot surely be very great in what is essentially a derivative, if not parasitic, craft). They might do this by consenting to write anonymously, thus allowing the name of the author of a book to appear in its proper perspective and not, as it generally is now, dwarfed by a reviewer's name in type three times as large.

—And the Pleasures

I DO not think the general public would miss the names of reviewers; names in newspapers have ceased to mean anything now that editors put the names of reporters on trivial stories about a film star's sneeze. I am sure the informed reader would not; it does not require a name at the head of a column to tell an expert whether or not a particular review has been written by a man well acquainted with his subject.

The reviewers themselves would gain by anonymity, for this burden of personal friendships and enmities and obligations would be lifted from their shoulders and they would find in freedom of criticism a new and unexpected pleasure. And the reviews themselves would certainly gain by anonymity. There would then be no temptation for a reviewer to write, as he does so often now, for his public instead of about the book he is supposed to be reviewing.

Let us get back to anonymity.

Sawdust?

SAWDUST CAESAR. By GEORGE SELDES. *Barker.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

IF to have stolen when poor be a major crime; if to have changed political opinions under stress of war be a weakness; if a man's life must be judged on its destructive side, and on its destructive side only; if it be true that a man can rule a country almost single-handed for ten years by bluff and bluff alone—if all these things be true, then Mr. Seldes's biography of Mussolini is a good biography.

I cannot believe that they are all true. Detestable things were done by the Italian Fascists in their early days, and, as I know from personal experience, the oppressive atmosphere of Fascist rule was to be felt in Italy long after the early struggle for power should have been forgotten. No doubt there are, in Signor Mussolini's past, episodes which he would prefer to keep locked in oblivion. No doubt, too, he was in part morally, if not (as Mr. Seldes makes him) physically, responsible for the murder of Matteotti. No doubt, finally, there is in his character something of the braggart, something of ruthlessness, perhaps a streak of insanity, (as there is in all of us).

But to present this as a picture of the whole man—of the man, be it remembered, who concluded the Lateran Treaty, who for some years was the unacknowledged diplomatic leader of Europe, who proposed abolition of war-payments long before President Hoover thought of that way out of the world's financial bog, who (to reckon significant small things as well as significant large things) made Italian trains run to their time-table—is a little preposterous. Preposterous as it is, however, Mr. Seldes's book may be useful to people on both sides of the Fascist fence, (or might be if the people on either side were accessible to anything which did not commend itself by preliminary accord with their prejudices). It may remind the pro-Fascists that Fascist revolutions are not quite the nice, clean, simple substitutions of middle-class dictatorship for democracy that they imagine them to be; the anti-Fascists that there has grown around Signor Mussolini a legend not unlike that which grew around Lenin. As for the other people, who decline to admit that they are sheep fit to be penned one side or the other of the fence, they will wonder at the low opinion Mr. Seldes has of mankind, at his belief that mankind will permit to rule over it as Caesar a man who is nothing but sawdust.

WILFRID HINDLE.

Aspects of the Novel

SILAS CROCKETT. By MARY ELLEN CHASE. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
THE GLASSHOUSE. By M. BARNARD ELDERSHAW. *Harrop.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
ZAUDI: PRINCESS OF ABYSSINIA. By W. ASHLEY BROWN. *Hutchinson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
ANGELS AND PATIENTS. By ANTHONY POWELL. *Duckworth.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

EACH of these novels is in its way typical of some school of modern fiction. *Silas Crockett* is a historical novel; and the historical novel is experiencing—or should it be suffering?—a revival. *The Glasshouse* is a novel of what might be called the Grand Hotel School; and that school, refounded some years ago by Miss Vicki Baum, is growing. *Zaudi* is one of a number of recent attempts to catch popular interest on the wing. *Angels and Patients* is a story around and about what used to be called the Bright Young Things, that sect of peculiar people who have not lacked periodical historiographers since Mr. Evelyn Waugh brought them to general notice. Widely different as these schools of modern fiction are, these representatives of them have this in common that each just fails to achieve its presumably intended object.

Miss Chase is an American, of long New England ancestry, and a Professor of English at Smith College, Northampton, Massachusetts. Her novel has New England as its subject and something of the atmosphere of Smith College, (which is a highly respectable college for young ladies), in its style. It tells of the coast of Maine, and of the changes brought in the lives of sailors on that coast during the period in which sailing ships gave way to steamships. The tale is well told on the historical side, and, so far as a reader not learned in New England history can tell, monumentally accurate.

It suffers, as modern historical novels tend to do, from the fact that it is more history than novel. I always turn gladly back from such novels to Walter Scott, who, however bad his history may have been, could tell a good tale and create real characters, romantically real at any rate.

The Glasshouse is another woman's book, or rather two women's books, for I understand that the real name of the author is Miss Barnard and Miss Eldershaw. There is, however—and that is another curious and not necessarily advantageous feature of modern fiction—nothing characteristic of one sex about it. It assembles a number of people, in the Grand Hotel manner, in the glasshouse, (which is the passengers' quarters) of a Norwegian ship sailing to Australia, and introduces us by turns to the life of each. The heroine is a middle-aged spinster novelist, through whose cool eyes we see the other passengers and whose eyes become less cool as she becomes more attached to the lonely captain. It is a clever

story, well-constructed and well told, and there is no reason why such a trick as the assembling of a number of diverse people in a confined space, where their lives are thrown together not by choice but by chance, should not be used by any novelist who fancies it. But the only justification for its use seems to me to be when it is used by an author who can see a pattern into which all lives, even the most diverse, are woven. Otherwise the trick remains a trick, and nothing more. Those who wish to practise this kind of novel construction should go further back than Miss Vicki Baum; they should go to, say, Dostoevsky, whose "The Idiot" is an excellent example of the kind.

Zaudi is a story to make journalists weep, for a highly skilled journalist could have made magnificent use of it. It tells of an English girl, descended from the Ethiopian Royal House, who becomes the ruling princess of a rediscovered Sheba of the Old Testament, and thence involved in the Emperor Haile Selassie's attempt to transform his medieval empire into a modern state. There are abductions and rescues, slave traders and hidden gold, all the paraphernalia of modern picaresque romance. But the manner of telling of them all is so trite that not even urgent topicality is likely to redeem this book. Rider Haggard would have been the proper man to write it. Failing Rider Haggard—and modern Rider Haggards do fail us—a good journalist would have helped Mr. Ashley Brown immensely.

Mr. Powell is a good journalist. Or so I should imagine. And *Angels and Patients* is a good picture, in rather a gossip-journalistic vein, of a young man who lives on his money and the parasites who live on their wits and his money. It is enlivened by many brilliant epigrams and some brilliant satire on the quackeries of psychoanalysts and the people who live on the fringes of film-making. By glimpses it displays an unnoticed reality, as in the description of the beggars who stand motionless before Berlin cafés, which is at once a criticism of the Nazi régime and a revelation of something in the German character which is more permanent than the Nazi régime. But beyond these partial virtues there is little. Mr. Powell writes in an affectedly plain style which gives a key to the substance. Instead of the "'Then,' said the Commander, stooping to pick up . . . ", which is the kind of indirect approach recommended by schools of literature as conducive to easy reading, it is: "He stooped to pick up . . . He said . . . She said . . . They said . . ." Not unlike a game of consequences. And not much less inconsequential. To which Mr. Powell would no doubt reply that the people of whom he writes *are* inconse-

quential. Whether that reply is considered satisfactory depends on other things besides the technique of the novel. To me it is unsatisfactory for the same reason that "Gil Blas" is unsatisfactory when compared with "Eugénie Grandet," or Noel Coward when compared with Shakespeare. I have no moral objection to the puppetries of puppets, and can enjoy, (as at heart every one can), the amusement to be derived from the amoral characters of life ancient or modern. But so long as their manipulator himself looks upon them as puppets—and I have the impression that Mr. Powell does—I cannot be more than amused.

PIERRE FRONDEUR.

Air Annual

THE AIR ANNUAL OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE, 1935-36. Edited by SQUADRON-LEADER C. G. BURGE. *Pitman.* 21*s.*

THIS is a jubilee volume in two senses. It records the progress made in British aviation up to the twenty-fifth year of the reign of King George V; and it was begun on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the date when a British aeroplane was first put to military use. It is, first, a record, of the progress made by the British aircraft industry, British civil air services, and the Royal Air Force; next, a well-arranged, accessible and thorough guide to everything the man specially interested is likely to want to know about British aviation. It is, of course, for the man specially interested first of all. But the reader who has any curiosity about the aviation news that now appears almost daily in the newspapers will find that it gives him a useful background.

E. H.

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—Morning Post

ARTHUR BARKER

How to write a Biography

VICTORIA OF ENGLAND. By EDITH SITWELL. *Faber* 15*s*.

I HAD not read far into Miss Sitwell's *Victoria of England* when there seemed some familiarity about the run of words, something not new about the arrangement of facts. Could it be, could it be —since there is a medium in all things—that the dead were speaking again through Miss Sitwell?

When, therefore (*I read on page* 29) *The Archbishop of Canterbury inquired by what name the child was to be called, the Regent answered "Alexandrina," to which the Duke hastily replied that one name surely would not be enough. The Regent assented blandly: "Georgina," he added, "or Elizabeth"? suggested the Duke, the memory of a certain reign in his mind. This was too much. The Regent's face looked thunderous. Was he to be reminded in this open manner of the child's future? There was an angry pause and then, "Very well," said the Regent, "call her after her mother; but Alexandrina must come first."*

And I opened the late Lytton Strachey's *Queen Victoria*.

And so (*I found Lytton Strachey had written*) *when the ceremony took place and the Archbishop of Canterbury asked by what name he was to baptise the child, the Regent replied "Alexandrina." At this the Duke ventured to suggest that another name might be added. "Certainly," said the Regent; "Georgina?" "or Elizabeth?", said the Duke. There was a pause, during which the Archbishop with the baby in his lawn sleeves, looked with some uneasiness from one Prince to the other. "Very well, then," said the Regent at last, "call her after her mother. But Alexandrina must come first.*

I turned back to Miss Sitwell. I looked for a footnote; there was no footnote. I read on. The dead continued to speak through the living. I turned back to Miss Sitwell's preface, and found her thanking the publishers of *Queen Victoria* for "the generous permission they have granted her to quote from this work." But where were the quotation marks? Where indeed, were they, not once, twice, but many times?

The truth about this book is this, simply: It follows Lytton Strachey in its chief lines; it deviates from Strachey, not into Sitwell, but into E. F. Benson's *Queen Victoria*, Mr. Roger Fulford's *Royal Dukes*, Mr. Bolitho's *Albert the Good*, Engels' *Condition of the Working Class*, etc., etc. Sources are admitted sometimes but again and again Lytton Strachey, with quotation marks and footnotes out of sight in rear or front, has been set before us, *seriatim* if not *verbatim*; and see what the Strachey sharpness becomes:—

Lytton Strachey: *At first, indeed, she was appalled by the little Princess's outbursts of temper; never in her life, she declared, had she seen such a passionate and naughty child. Then she observed something else; the child was extraordinarily truthful; whatever punishment might follow, she never told a lie.*

Miss Sitwell (*page* 36): *At first, Fraülein Lehzen was aghast at the behaviour of her charge. Never had she dealt with such an impossibly naughty child. Gusty squalls of rage greeted any attempt to control her; indomitable will clashed with indomitable will. But then a fresh point struck the Pastor's daughter. The Princess was absolutely truthful. The look in those blue eyes was a look of entire candour.*

"If a common stock of information has been drawn upon of necessity," says the author, "she hopes at least to plead a different treatment of necessarily similar material"—but the treatment is to pop in bits about vegetative waterfalls, to telescope Windsor Park smack into Virginia Water, and to devitalise the Queen, and everyone else, into wax fruits.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON.

Douglas Jerrold

'THEY THAT TAKE THE SWORD'

SIR JOHN SQUIRE: "There is a long background of thought behind it, and much knowledge. It deserves not merely attention, but an answer from somebody of the author's own calibre."

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An American Humourist

ERNESTINE TAKES OVER. By WALTER BROOKS. *Jarrolds.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

MR. BROOKS is that rare genius, a writer of really humorous short stories, and to me perhaps especially sympathetic, because I believe I was the first man to publish his work in England. His short stories make their effect by a half-transposition of the forms and conversation of normal life into some outrageously abnormal situation. Thus a burglar caught by a householder in the act of removing his belongings is entertained by the householder as if he were a guest, and talked to as if he were a guest while he (the burglar) maintains his accustomed ways. It is the contrast between the normal and the abnormal, between the burglar and the house-holder, who treats him as if he were not a burglar ; and the juxta-position of the normal and the abnormal, of the house-holder's normal conversation in an abnormal situation, which makes this kind of humour. *Ernestine takes over* is of another, and, surprisingly to me, more orthodox kind. It's story is of a man whose fond imaginings take reality in the flesh and blood of Ernestine. This imagination-created reality complicates the hero's family relations, which are still further complicated by the fact that Ernestine does not only do whatever the hero may imagine she will do, but also what any other man, young and chivalrous or old and lecherous, may imagine she will do. There are potentially more humours of situation in this than in the genii of Oriental legend. But it is not in these humours that Mr. Brooks's chief virtue here is. It is in a humour of character that the reader of his short stories would not have suspected. There is in *Ernestine takes over* a private detective, Clarence, who belongs to the same good American tradition of naturals as the famous Lem Putt.

ANN ZEISS.

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Books Received

(Inclusion in this list neither guarantees nor precludes subsequent review.)

THE WESTERN CHAMBER: A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY CHINESE PLAY. Translated by S. I. HSIUNG. *Methuen.* 8s. 6d.

THE VIRGIN OF SKALHOLT. By GUDMUNDUR KAMBAN. *Nicholson & Watson.* 8s. 6d.

BEAUMARCHAIS. By PAUL FRISCHAUER. *Nicholson & Watson.* 21s.

SAWDUST CAESAR. By GEORGE SELDES. *Barker.* 12s. 6d.

HESTER AND HER FAMILY. By H. W. FREEMAN. *Chatto & Windus.* 8s. 6d.

THE GLORIOUS BONDAGE OF ILLNESS. By A. D. *Allen & Unwin.* 6s.

THE SAGA OF COFFEE. By HEINRICH EDWARD JACOB. *Allen & Unwin.* 15s.

THE YEAR'S POETRY, 1935. Compiled by D. K. ROBERTS, G. GOULD and J. LEHMANN. *Lane.* 6s.

SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY. By C. G. OAKES. *Allen & Unwin.* 18s.

THE MEDITERRANEAN: AN ANTHOLOGY. By PAUL BLOOMFIELD. *Cassell.* 7s. 6d.

THE HEYTHROP HUNT. By G. T. HUTCHINSON. *Murray.* 10s. 6d.

THE GOOD NEW DAYS. By MARJORIE and C. H. B. QUENNELL. *Batsford.* 6s.

GENGHIS KHAN. By RALPH FOX. *Lane.* 12s. 6d.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE JEWISH PEOPLE. By CECIL ROTH. *Macmillan.* 18s.

WARNING FROM THE WEST INDIES. By W. M. MCMILLAN. *Faber.* 8s. 6d.

P.L.M. By HUMBERT WOLFE. *Cassell.* 7s. 6d.

DANTON. By HERMANN WENDEL. *Constable.* 15s.

THE BOY FROM APULIA. By RICHARD OKE. *Barker.* 10s. 6d.

MY COUNTRY AND MY PEOPLE. By LIN YU-TANG. *Heinemann.* 15s.

A HISTORY OF THE GERMAN REPUBLIC. By ARTHUR ROSENBERG. *Methuen.* 15s.

THE BEGGARS' BROTHERHOOD. By RONALD FULLER. *Allen & Unwin* 10s. 6d.

BEFORE THE WAR. Vol. I.: THE GROUPING OF THE POWERS. By G. P. GOOCH. *Longmans Green.* 10s.

GIBBON. By R. B. MOWAT. *Barker.* 10s.

THE MONKS OF ATHOS. By R. M. DAWKINS. *Allen & Unwin.* 15s.

Correspondence

Rudyard Kipling

SIR—A few days before King George V., and at nearly the same age, there died another Englishman whose memory must, in very many readers of his own and other countries, stir deeply many similar associations. May I venture to protest that the article on Rudyard Kipling by Mr. Hugh Kingsmill, which followed so soon in the ENGLISH REVIEW, was appropriate neither to the occasion, nor to the ENGLISH REVIEW, nor—I would gladly suppose—to Mr. Kingsmill's previous repute? I am very far from thinking that of the recently dead only favourable words should be spoken, or that a dissonant note in the chorus of praise is necessarily out of place. But I do say that, in the praise or the blame, a competent critic's desire for the truth above all things should be aroused at such a time to its fullest force.

In this article, however, Mr. Kingsmill has restrained his zeal to get at the truth of his subject, and done so very severely. Perhaps his most stinging charge against Kipling is that of "caste feeling" with all its power to limit human sympathy. For proof of this he turns to the first stanza of Kipling's poem, *A Charm*. That stanza has ten lines. He quotes the first four of these and the last two, and allows them to be printed as a single continuous passage with no indication that four lines are omitted between them. The lines omitted are these :—

Not the great nor well-bespoke
But the mere uncounted folk.
Of whose life and death is none
Report or lamentation.

The whole emotional effect of the stanza depends on these lines, and they contradict Mr. Kingsmill's contention.

Mr. Kingsmill's trick of taking some personage dramatically presented by Kipling to be "Kipling's mouthpiece" is another example of misunderstanding. Few readers can fail to see in Kipling's *Jungle Books* not only a poet's love of animals, but his love and understanding of the children for whom he tells these tales; few can fail to see that his passion for ships and engines is inseparable from his sympathy with the sailor and the engineer. Mr. Kingsmill can. He attributes these things to Kipling's "preference for machines and animals to human beings," and is at pains to expound the "essence" of this imaginary preference.

I am not a critic, nor am I a scholar and devotee of Kipling, as some of the most poetic and some of the greatest people that I have known have been. Yet I am tempted to set down some

impressions of my own (conflicting in most points, not quite all, with Mr. Kingsmill's), because I am an ordinary reader and happen to have been a very young man when Kipling, a year younger, began to be read and continually talked of by my contemporaries, so that naturally, then and long after, I read many, though not all, of his books as they came out.

I was often fascinated by them; almost as often repelled by his subject, or bored by what I thought his mannerisms, or by catch phrases, which seemed to me just to spoil his intended effect—(" lesser breeds without the law " is an example); now and then infuriated when our political convictions clashed, or when with boyish partisanship he fell foul of some man whom I knew, and much respected; yet now and then gripped by something which profoundly stirred whatever there may be of poetry or of high principle in me. As years have gone by, what I valued in him early I have come to value more; what at first repelled me has lost most of its repellent power; and, more than in the case of any other modern writer, I blame myself for what is lacking in my familiarity with his works. Meanwhile, Kipling had matured and mellowed; there was no repentant forsaking of any object of his youthful loyalty, but the scope and depth of his loyalty had grown.

What now strikes me about him first is that, beyond any other modern writer except Browning, whom he revered, he abounds with vigorously imagined characters who are real and alive to his readers, delighting in the robust singularity with which, in some respect, each strays away from or rises above " the collective instinct of the herd " (as Mr. Kingsmill calls it)—the " law of the pack," of which Kipling wrote to boys and girls, is no more an ultimate law than the law, useful in its own season, of their own nursery or school-room, or playground. None of us need attempt to formulate for him, or for any great poet or prophet, his conception of the supreme law, of which herd instincts or customs of a caste may serve to teach some rudiments. Enough that he gives us not a few pregnant hints. " Cold iron out of Calvary is master of men all " here recurs to me.

Next, the races, types, professions, social classes and so on, from which his heroes or beloved oddities are drawn, vary without limit, though of course he began with the kinds of people that he then happened to see about him. These ranged from Colonels and Commissioners to Drummer boys, and covered an immense variety of Indian types, savage or over-civilised, holy or out of caste. If he had a special love for resourceful district or frontier officers tackling hard jobs bravely, let it be remembered that such men as a rule are fated to be shelved and forgotten long before

they have passed middle age. As for the private soldiers of his early delight, when he first wrote them up, the contempt and neglect to which respectable England often treated them was, if it does not remain, a reproach to our humanity as a nation. And remember, here that in *Barrack Room Ballads* he nowhere lets himself go more effectually than in *Gunga Din*.

Next, this catholicity of interest, for which "there is neither Greek nor Jew, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free," which in some men may be a pale, generic love of mankind, glows in Kipling with a full-hearted sympathy for the actual individual of any sort, with his joys and sorrows, his abasement or his triumph. Much of his best known writing is of course of a kind in which tears of pity would be quite uncalled for; but this need not blind us to the fact that Kipling's sympathy was—from first to last and increasingly—ready, penetrating, and peculiarly tender.

To these impressions, formed before I knew the man, I would add one more. I belong to the many who read prose much more readily than verse, but the feeling grows upon me that, whenever the full inspiration—so intermittent in all poets—came upon him, the poet Kipling rose to a height which even in his best prose-writing, imperishable as I trust it is, he never attained.

But these frankly personal confessions of feeling cannot close without my saying that at last I came to know him. It was curiously late, considering that I knew his kinsfolk and he mine, but within the last few years we somehow became friends in one another's houses. Our meetings were (sadly for me) few, but circumstances gave them an intimacy which leaves me no room for doubt about him. He was then a man with an abiding sorrow, and a man familiar with physical pain; happy as only "a man acquainted with grief" can be, and the happier because he was totally without self-consciousness—as free from that "fear and mistrust of himself"—which Mr. Kingsmill fancies in him as he was from any kind of self-sufficiency; happy through the intense, unquenchable vitality of his interest in the world, nature, books, his country, his friends, his neighbours in the largest sense.

An intense vitality of this kind is, I suppose, the first thing that any acquaintance would have felt about him. But there went with it the strength of his affection, and the strength of that sympathy which I have noted in his books. Suppose some man or some woman, with whom he had lately become acquainted, to be bearing, mostly with a smile, a burden of pain of body or mind, heavier than his or her nearest friends had ever guessed; some flash of perception in Kipling would penetrate to the heart of it, and he would

lightly touch it, with a sure and accurate touch, the sort of touch that heals. It is the gift of a man really great.

Yours truly,

Chelsea,
London, S.W.3.

CHARNWOOD.

Miracles and Evolution

SIR—Mr. Lunn can take care of himself. But, as he has done me the courtesy of mentioning my name on the first page of the second edition of his *Flight from Reason*, and as you have done me the added courtesy of publishing my article (covering the very same issue) in the December number of your Review, I hope it will not be thought an impertinence for me to intervene on a question in which I was engaged muzzle to muzzle with the late Professor Ray Lankester in a long article on " Evolution and Creation " in the *Nineteenth Century* for July 1921.

I think Mr. Lunn's critic is right when he complains that Mr. Lunn is not sufficiently explicit in his condemnation of the whole theory of evolution. Mr. Lunn weakens a good case by theoretically accepting what he sets out to destroy—namely, that there is any case for evolution at all. Mr. Balfour in his *Foundations of Belief* does the same. At this point I part company with the critic who accepts the fact of evolution. Let me prove that the whole case for any evolution in nature is a make-shift to support an *a priori* theory.

In the first place neither Darwin nor Huxley—least of all Huxley—ever accepted the theory as more than a potential one, " subject to proof." Latterly, Huxley questioned the existence of any evolution in his Romanes Lecture, and discussed its doubtful possibility with his pupil, the late celebrated Professor Fairfield Osborn. Now what did Osborn say of it ? As far as man is concerned he dismissed the whole theory as " a myth and a bogey " (*Man rises to Parnassus*, p. 74, Princeton University, 1927). With this Professor Sir William Bateson had already agreed in a direct assault on the whole theory in his presidential address to the British Association at Melbourne in August 1914 (republished by his widow). So, too, Professor Wood-Jones, in a book recommended to me by Sir Arthur Keith, namely, *Man's place among the Mammals* directly supports Professor Osborn's case, though tentatively. So too does the argument of M. de Morgan in his *Prehistoric Man*. But perhaps the most devastating attack on the whole ground-form of evolution as a historic phenomenon is that of an evolutionist from France, M. Depéret, in his *Transformation du Monde Animal*. M. Depéret

destroys link by link all the supposed chains of animal life in their different series, citing the most damning proofs from evolutionists of all countries that either the links are false or missing or no links at all, in every direction, and produces such catalogues of evidence and such complete tables of life-chains from the actual records of surviving phenomena that he who can still swallow evolution could swallow Hans Andersen's *Fairy Tales* and all the *Arabian Nights*' entertainment.

But are there no strict evolutionists remaining? Yes. Professor Haldane of Oxford, has written *The Causes of Evolution*. It lies before me as I write. Do I wake or dream? I will quote Professor Haldane against himself, and the reader can judge for himself. The following words from Professor Haldane are worthy more of Stonehenge man than of an Oxford professor! It may be remembered that Pasteur and Tindall killed "spontaneous generation" by proofs so damaging that this is how Professor Haldane gets round them:—

> A large number, perhaps the largest number, of biologists believed *in spite of Pasteur*, that at some time in the remote past Life had originated on earth from Dead matter as the result of Natural causes. (Haldane, *Fact and Faith*, p. 38.)

Pro-dig-i-ous! But not so prodigious a miracle as we are asked next to swallow on the bare word of a scientific imagination resting on the support of not one fact.

> Nor is there any reason to doubt that the phenomenal world is eternal.

But on what ground are we asked to swallow two miracles like these? By an act of blind faith.

> No fact of religion is more abundantly confirmed by Science than that the Sun is "the Lord and Giver of Life" . . . *By faith* we have accepted the doctrine that the Sun, Mithras and the Holy Light are one. (pp. 102, 105.)

Nor is Professor Haldane alone in such doubtful glory as to accept a myth by a pure act of faith without a single particle of evidence. Professor Haeckel actually pleaded guilty to manufacturing the evidence for evolution. Every one remembers the twenty-three stages of man's development from the amoeba. Depéret exposed the hollow fraud, but not so completely as did Haeckel himself, when driven to the following "confession":—

> I begin at once with the contrite confession that a small number of my embryo diagrams are really *forgeries* . . . to fill in and reconstruct the missing links by *hypothesis* . . . Hundreds of the . . . most reputed biologists lie under the same charge. *The great majority* of all morphological,

> anatomical, histological and embryological diagrams . . . *are* not true to nature, but are more or less *doctored*, schematised and reconstructed. (Haeckel, *Münchner Allgemeine Zeitung*, January 1909.)

Thirty-six well-known scientists of Germany, Austria and France, were driven by the exposure of Haeckel (started by Dr. Arnold Brass of Germany) to thus force Haeckel to this confession, which was republished in the *Bombay Examiner* for November of the same year. This does not make pleasant reading; but there is worse to come. My friend, Dr. R. H. Murray, has published an Appendix to his *Erasmus and Luther*, in which Greek experts trace the whole of the evolution theory as we now know it to the Ionian metaphysicists of 600 B.C. Now here stands the entire theory in Greek, without any attempt to advance a fact in its behalf—pure guess-work of the ingenious human understanding, trying to evolve a whole world without a God. Now comes Sir Oliver Lodge with his *Modern Scientific Ideas*, pointing out that the new scientific theory of Discontinuity "may cut at the root of the objective character of evolution" altogether! What is left?

Yours obediently,

A. H. T. CLARKE.

The Rectory,
Devizes.

War-time Ireland

SIR—With reference to your recent article on Lord Linlithgow, may I be allowed to correct an implication made in it, in the paragraph that mentions my father and mother, sufficiently important in its possible misunderstanding—where there are already misunderstandings enough—I think, to ask for correction.

Your correspondent says:

> *While in Ireland Lord Linlithgow was billeted for a time in the house of Katharine Tynan Hinkson and her husband, who was a Resident Magistrate. Different political views*, possibly accentuated by war-time conditions *did not prevent the growth of a cordial friendship between the Hinksons and the Linlithgows. Nor did they prevent Lord Linlithgow from being on the best of terms with other Irishmen.*

I am glad to say that all this is true, except for the suggestion in the sentence which I have emphasised. May I answer it? During the summer of 1918, when Lord Linlithgow stayed with us in the West of Ireland, my two brothers, one aged eighteen, one

barely twenty, were both at the Front. My father and mother were life-long Nationalists, but I think your correspondent, who refers to a " different political views, *possibly accentuated by war-time conditions*" can have no idea of the length of the Irish casualty list in the War. War-time conditions, so far from accentuating political differences for those involved in the War, threw a bridge over that gulf, made of common pain and pity, and sympathy and loyalties—a bridge that remains, as it remains between the men of the opposing armies who now meet each other as old comrades.

I may perhaps be forgiven a personal memory. It is of an Irish country-house in which the empty room of an absent son was often occupied by some young soldier; ill and removed from the Camp for better care; a tennis lawn on which soldiersf, requently strangers to us, played through the long afternoons and evenings; a stable-yard, where the men came to light a fire in the disused laundry and dry their wet clothes; a big old-fashioned kitchen where any evening you found two or three soldiers sitting round the fire reading. The letters we received afterwards—from India, China—" When it is very hot we think of the green Irish fields . . ."; the letters our kind elderly Irish servants received from the Scottish soldiers they had been good to prove that " war-time conditions " did not indeed accentuate political differences. And I think any soldier who remembers Brookhill in those days will bear testimony that no country ever showed a more smiling and kindly face than that which Ireland turned to them in the summer of 1918.

Yours etc.,

PAMELA HINKSON.

Co. Tipperary.
February 15, 1936.

Kingship

SIR—Mr. Edward Hale, in the February ENGLISH REVIEW, says in his article " Kingship in Britain "—" Even the ' British Empire ' is going from common speech and is becoming the ' British Commonwealth of Nations.' " Is this really true? Personally, although having much to do with people of common speech, I have not once heard the term " Commonwealth " used, though it appears in political speeches and in print. The same may be said of " Britain." In ordinary speech we say only " Great Britain " or " England."

R. G. BURTON.

Charlton Kings,
Glos.

A Generation Ago

From THE ENGLISH REVIEW *of March* 1911

HIS style is the man. What eloquence there is in the unadorned bare enumeration of his labours and sufferings; what lyric power in his apocalypse of the resurrection; what grace and charm and sweet-thoughted poetry in his praise of charity. And yet, when not upborne on the broad wings of some intense emotion, what a style! Is there anything in all literature so inchoate, so barbarous. What a mixture of haste and repetitions; of violent assertions and of hair-splitting quibbles: here an elaborate argument broken off in the middle and left unfinished; there antitheses of thought dragged in by assonances of language; quotations from the Old Testament tossed together with stories of travel and shipwreck, all foaming before us like a mountain-torrent in spate—headlong, muddy, irresistible.

(*The Romance of Religion. By Frank Harris.*)

* * *

Tory Democracy

ALL this diffused fermenting force might have been concentrated by the Tories into creative energy. Out of the vague stirring of the popular impulse, the inarticulate revolt against the existing social theory, Conservative statesmen might have evolved a great constructive movement, with themselves at its centre. They could have built up the new ethical state on the ruins of a demoralised individualist system; they had a chance to substitute for the Liberal idea of Freedom, which had become the handmaid of confusion and waste, the Tory principle of scientific Order. They could have absorbed Radicalism and Socialism in a Tory Democracy. They could have re-shaped the economic structure of the nation while maintaining, with the concurrence of the new electorate, imperialism, nationalism, religious education, the military strength of Britain based on universal service. The truth was revealed in fitful flashes of insight to Randolph Churchill, the one man of genius Toryism has thrown up since the death of Disraeli. But those who led and controlled the party had no heart in such work.

(*The Cross-Currents of Unionism. By Sidney Low.*)

HOTEL REGISTER

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ON THE MARGIN—*continued*

from page 259

more. We commend to the attention of our readers the notices of fixed trusts which appear in THE ENGLISH REVIEW this month.

* * *

The gramophone companies become more enterprising every year. Within a very short time of the first performance of William Walton's symphony in London, we received a complete recording of the symphony from the Decca Company. It is a brilliant recording of a brilliant work, and one which all Englishmen should know. We tend as a nation towards an inferiority complex where our music is concerned. Foreign music of the most exotic kinds is known and appreciated, as are foreign composers, while the average Englishmen would be hard put to it even to name half a dozen modern English composers. Yet in Sir Charles Stanford, Josef Holbrooke, Cyril Scott, Gustav Holst—to name only a few of them—we have a school of composers who are well worthy of notice. William Walton is well worthy to be reckoned with them.

* * *

EASTER will be upon us soon. A novel celebration of it has been arranged by the CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY in the form of a tour to Canada and the United States. The tour covers Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Niagara Falls (the traditional American honeymooning resort), and New York. Passengers leave Liverpool in the Canadian Pacific liner *Duchess of Bedford*, on April 9, and the tour lasts twenty-three days. We recommend it to the many Englishmen who are anxious to see something of the New World but have not much time in which to do it. For those who have more time there are longer tours, at "all-in" fares, at frequent intervals throughout the summer months. Full particulars of these tours may be obtained from Canadian Pacific, 62 Charing Cross, London, S.W.1.

* * *

LOW, whose *Saturday Budget* in the *Evening Standard* is one of the delights of the London week-end, has been turning his attention again to the censors of the British Broadcasting Corporation. And not without

continued on next page

HOTEL REGISTER—*continued*

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HOTEL REGISTER—*continued*

SEASIDE—*continued*

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ON THE MARGIN—*continued*

reason. For the latest ban of the B.B.C. passes belief. It arose from the performance of two well-known variety artists, one of whom, having made a joke which did not win much applause from the studio audience, turned to the other and remarked: "That fell on stony ground." As a result of his remark the B.B.C. drew up a list of Biblical quotations, including some so common that most people are not conscious that they are quotations, which must not be used in broadcasting except by preachers and religious commentators. Amazing! No one would wish disrespect to be shown to the language of the Bible. But if it is disrespectful to adapt that language to everyday use, then the whole of the British nation has been disrespectful, and increasingly disrespectful each century, since the Authorized Version made the Bible familiar to everyone. Perhaps the B.B.C. has not heard the story of Canute?

* * *

CANCER seems to be a purely modern plague. The Ancients knew most of the other diseases from which we suffer; if they knew this one they did not mention it. But for sufferers from cancer there is the comforting knowledge that, recent as it is, medical research is gradually mastering it. The mastery, however, is costly, and the treatment consequently costly beyond the means of all cancer sufferers other than the well-to-do. For that reason, if for no other, the Cancer Hospital in Fulham Road is especially deserving of all the help our readers can give it. We hope they will give it much.

* * *

Articles dealing with current international problems are contributed by, among others, Dr. G. P. Gooch, who provides a review of 1935, by Mr. C. Roden Buxton on "Peace and the Colonial Problem," by Lord Strabolgi on "The Future of Navies," by Francis Williams on "Financing Rearmament," and by Philips Bradley on "The U.S.A. and Neutrality." There are the usual reports of peace action in all parts of the world and the complete directories of peace organisations which are a unique feature of this book.

HOTEL REGISTER—*continued*

SEASIDE—*continued*

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ON THE MARGIN

By Commentator

GERMANY, Germany's military strength, and the exact significance of Herr Hitler's recent declarations have been the all-absorbing topics of the month just past, and are likely to be the all-absorbing topics of the months to come. Three of our contributors have something to say on these topics this month, Mr. Douglas Jerrold in his CURRENT COMMENTS, Dr. James Murphy in a study of THE NEW SPIRIT OF THE GERMAN ARMY and Britannicus Viator in a sketch of Herr von Ribbentrop, Herr Hitler's chief representative at the League Council meeting in London.

Dr. Murphy's study was made before German troops re-entered the Rhineland on March 7, but, being thus outside the passionate controversy that step has aroused, is only the more apposite.

* * *

HERR VON RIBBENTROP is of interest not only in himself, but in that he is representative of the new type of unofficial diplomatist that post-war conditions have produced in many countries. He would have formed a notable contrast with M. Veniselos, who died last month. M. Veniselos was one of the most remarkable figures of the age. He was at home in the pre-war world and in the post-war world. He would have been at home in Ancient Athens, in fact anywhere where politics was a lively trade. Right up to the end he had an immense vitality and an unrestricted range of interest. And with it all, subtly clever as he was, he had flashes of a naiveté that was childlike and bland. As he sat in Sir Arthur Crosfield's house in Highgate, beaming through his spectacles and pushing back his black skull cap to reveal a shining bald head, he seemed to me a kind of Greek Pickwick. The views of such a man on the League of Nations and kindred matters are of especial interest at the present time. They are given by Mr. Wilfrid Hindle in A TALK WITH VENISELOS. Veniselos, by the way, and not Venizelos, is the way he himself preferred to transliterate his name.

* * *

MENTION of Pickwick reminds me that last month saw the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Charles Dickens.

(*continued on page* 387)

Miss Littlejoy's leaving School

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INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

	PAGE
A to Z Time Tables	iv cover
A.B.C. Correspondence Schools	386
Car & General Insurance Corporation, Ltd.	i cover
Classified Announcements	iii cover
Cook (Thomas) & Sons, Ltd.	iii cover
Educational Announcements	iii cover
Faber and Faber, Ltd.	500
Hotel Register	510
Imperial Life Assurance Company of Canada	385
Ralli Health Appliances	494
Remington Typewriter Co., Ltd.	387
Salvation Army	466
Sheed and Ward	501
Shaftesbury Homes	433
Taylor's Typewriters	386
Trust of Insurance Shares, Ltd.	406, 407
"Truth"	ii cover

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ON THE MARGIN—(*continued*).

"I am told that *Pickwick Papers* is now out of fashion. But the influence of its author, direct and indirect, has beenimmense. Miss Pearl Buck, author of some brilliant novels of Chinese life, confesses how he influenced her in MY DEBT TO DICKENS.

* * *

AT the Café Royal last month the Wine and Food Society gave to a large English gathering a sample of the culinary delights which await the many thousands of people from this country who will be going out to the Empire Exhibition in Johannesburg next September. The President, M. André Simon, had surrendered his Chair to the South African High Commissioner, Mr. Charles te Water. South Africans at this dinner have assured me that some of their own national dishes had been improved by the skill of the Chef and the interest of the Maître d'hôtel. It was an enjoyable dinner but it was not an easy one, as reference to the wine list would show, for there were thirty-two to get through in the space of the two hours the guests foregathered.

* * *

LORD Willingdon, the retiring Viceroy, of India, will be succeeded in the middle of the month by Lord Linlithgow, who is charged with the heavy responsibility of bringing India by two clearly-marked stages into the full inheritance of the Constitution authorised by Parliament last year. The first stage will be that of provincial autonomy, expected to come into operation—if the financial situation permits—a year hence. The second stage, that of All-India Federation, is not likely to be reached until Lord Linlithgow is well on in the second half of his lustrum, for there is much ground to be covered meanwhile. The choice between coming in or remaining outside the Federation is for each individual Ruler to make. It may well be that many States would have been content to leave their relations with the Suzerain Power very little changed. But they are so interwoven with the territories of British India, by which indeed many of them are more or less completely surrounded, that they cannot satisfactorily remain aloof, fail the tendencies of our day and fail to make their contribution to a United India.

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693

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Contents

APRIL–JUNE 1936

POETRY:

THE MOON HATH NOT *by James Stephens*
THE LITTLE FIELD OF BARLEY *by F. R. Higgins*
SPINOZA *by Jack Lindsay*
VILLON ORDERS HIS TOMB. AFTER THE FRENCH OF FRANCOIS VILLON *by Michael Scot*

A POET'S PROGRESS IN THE THEATRE *by Padraic Colum*
A DEUCE O'JACKS. A PLAY IN ONE ACT *by F. R. Higgins*
DANIEL CORKERY *by Sean O'Faolain*
BIBLIOGRAPHIES OF 1916 AND THE IRISH REVOLUTION NO. V. JAMES CONNOLLY *by P. S. O'Hegarty*
BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES *by M. J. Macmanus*

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
Current Comments. By Douglas Jerrold	392
A Talk with Veniselos. By Wilfrid Hindle	401
My Debt to Dickens. By Pearl Buck	408
Representative Men :	
IV—*Herr von Ribbentrop*. By Britannicus Viator ...	413
Moonshine : A True Story. By Frank Baker	416
The Favourite, By R. N. Currey	434
The Spirit of the New German Army. By Dr. James Murphy	435
The Call of Deep Waters. By Greta Briggs	443
The Outlook for Authorship. By Hamilton Fyfe	444
Merlinford. By Raymund Bourne	458
Recent Events in China. By J. O. P. Bland	467
A Wreath for Mrs. Juniper. By Michael Harrison	477
Air Frightfulness. By Oliver Stewart	484
The Padded Cell. By Tom O'Bedlam	490
Literary Supplement :	
Literary Notes. By Criticus	495
Revolution in Physics. By Ivor Thomas	499
Some New Novels. By Ann Zeiss	502
Ireland. By George Reavey	503
A Japanese Village. By Edward Hale	503
Correspondence :	
From G. G. M. Seguel, Robert Briffault, Roger Fulford, Lord Middleton, Hugh Kingsmill and G. M. Leeson ...	504
A Generation Ago :	
From THE ENGLISH REVIEW *of April* 1911	509

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